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WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

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THE

GUARDIAN.

Nº 123. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1713.

——— *Hic murus aheneus esto,*
Nil conscire sibi——— HOR. 1 Ep. i. 60.

IMITATED.

True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin:
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass. POPE.

THERE are a sort of knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

'Thy father's merits sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.'

CATO.

I have often wondered that these deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion, and infamy, into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances one would think sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate, and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself; nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to the subject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

'SIR, ———*shire, July*, 1713.

'THE other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindness) had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and under-

standing greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

"MY LORD,

"LAST night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that, with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame and infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my lord, should my son have practised

the like on one of your daughters——I know you swell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths, should he make such an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom still, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whose only sustenance it was? And must my son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he I say;—consider? And may your lordship be excused from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great ancestor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? At this rate the laws of rewards should be inverted, and he who is generous and good, should be made a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and preserve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedness is now become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but shall curse you with my dying breath, and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind, I could be content to be your chief tormentor,

ever paying you mock-reverence, and sounding in your ears to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and over-awed my daughter to comply.

"Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow; nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven. The divine laws have been broken; but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done to me, and the just Judge will not pardon that until I do.

My Lord,

Your conscience will help you to my name."

☞.

Nº 124. MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1713.

Quid fremat in terris violentius?—— JUV. Sat. viii. 37.

What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

MORE ROARINGS OF THE LION.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'BEFORE I proceed to make you my proposals, it will be necessary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of Lion in this our university.

'The vast emoluments that in all probability will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one lion to roar, either long enough or loud enough against all things that are roar-worthy in these realms) you would appoint him a sub-lion, as a *præfectus provinciæ*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university, town and county of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

'I shall follow my metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our magistrates; and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftener if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers "*cum privilegio.*"

'I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very flourishing society of people called lowngers, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other people's.

'I have, sir, a raven that will serve by way of jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chaw and prepare for the digestion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute to this good design, if they will affix their informa-

tion to the leg or neck of the aforesaid raven or jackall, they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly

Your) humble servant,

From my den at —— college in Cambridge, July 29. LEO the Second.

'N.B. The raven will not bite.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'HEARING that your unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning but his horn will prove a cornucopiæ to you, I desire that in order to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

'My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns; the province she has chosen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands, that I am afraid we shall not be able to bear the charge of printing without a subscription; wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and desire those who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural history, to communicate it to, Sir,

your humble servant,

HUMPHRY BINICORN.'

'SIR,

'I HUMBLY beg leave to drop a song into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our English lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who admire the translations in Italian operas.

I.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeses
Full of blossoms fresh and gay ——
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field ——
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare ——
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nightingale delighting;
With her song, suspends our talk ——
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling stream ——
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown on the grass ——
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion, her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye ——
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over, she gives her lover,
Who on her skimming dish carves her name ——
Who on, &c.

'MR. IRONSIDE, *July* 30.

'I HAVE always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show. I may say, there has not been a tyger, leopard, elephant, or hygheen *, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers than your lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town, being able to wait no longer for fair weather, and made what haste I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen; he has grandeur and good-humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy main and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy supporter of the British honour and virtue, especially when assisted

* Is this strange word for hyæna?

by the unicorn. You must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hope would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard at work about her tucker, having never from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece. I am,

Venerable Nestor,

Your friend and servant,

P. N.

'I was a little surprised, having read some of your lion's roarings, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue; but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency.'

☞.

Nº 125. TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1713.

——— *Nunc formosissimus annus.* VIRG. Ecl. iii. 57.

Now the gay year in all her charms is drest.

MEN of my age receive a greater pleasure from fine weather, than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy sky; and taste no luxury like a blue firma-

ment, and sun-shine. I have often in a splenetic fit, wished myself a dormouse during the winter; and I never see one of those snug animals, wrapt up close in his fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use that I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of the spring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth from being bound with frost, or covered with snow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dies; and to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

Full of thoughts like these, I make it a rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed season; and accordingly rise with the sun, and wander through the fields, throw myself on the banks of little rivulets, or lose myself in the woods. I spent a day or two this spring at a country gentleman's seat, where I feasted my imagination every morning with the most luxurious prospect I ever saw. I usually took my stand by the wall of an old castle built upon an high hill. A noble river ran at the foot of it, which after being broken by a heap of misshapen stones, glided away in a clear stream, and wandering through two woods on each side of it in many windings, shone here and there at a great distance through the trees. I could trace the mazes for some miles, until my eye was led through two ridges of hills, and terminated by a vast mountain in another county.

I hope the reader will pardon me for taking his eye from our present subject of the spring, by this landskip, since it is at this time of the year only, that prospects excel in beauty. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewise its proper entertainment. The music of the birds at this time of the year, hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes me less relish the most elaborate compositions of Italy. The vigour which the warmth of the sun pours afresh into their veins, prompts them to renew their species; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate, with more mellow warblings, and to swell his throat with more violent modulations. It is an amusement by no means below the dignity of a rational soul, to observe the pretty creatures flying in pairs, to mark the different passions in their intrigues, the curious contexture of their nests, and their care and tenderness of their little offspring.

I am particularly acquainted with a wagtail and his spouse, and made many remarks upon the several gallantries he hourly used, before the coy female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many airy rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat step, and scarce seemed to regard the covering of his wings, and the many aukward and foppish contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantastic Teraminta. Often have I wished that I understood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the same vows and reproaches which I often have ventured against that unrelenting maid.

The sight that gave me the most satisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and assistance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau goldfinch, who was picking his plumes, pruning his wings, and with great diligence, adjusting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipt himself with great trimness and nicety, he stretched his painted neck, which seemed to brighten with new glowings, and strained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the nest in several circles and windings, and invited his wife and children into open air. It was very entertaining to see the trembling and the fluttering little strangers at their first appearance in the world, and the different care of the male and female parent, so suitable to their several sexes. I could not take my eye quickly from so entertaining an object; nor could I help wishing, that creatures of a superior rank would so manifest their mutual affection, and so chearfully concur in providing for their offspring.

I shall conclude this tattle about the spring, which I usually call 'the youth and health of the year,' with some verses which I transcribe from a manuscript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds should breed in the spring, whence he takes occasion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digression in praise of that season. The verses here subjoined, are not all upon that subject; but the transitions slide so easily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, until I had writ out the whole digression.

In spring, let loose thy males. Then all things prove
The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love:

Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial showers,
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flow'rs;
Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky;
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry bough,
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tygers soften in th' infectious flames,
And lions fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great Love pervades the deep; to please his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous weight;
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All nature smiles: Come now, nor fear, my love,
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And sweetly swearing, languish life away.
An altar bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, best season of the various year:
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So soft, so sweet, when first the world began;
In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great sire assign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares undaunted lick'd the fondling hound;
Wond'rous to tell! but when with luckless hand,
Our daring mother broke the sole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhorr'd the day,
And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey.
Rude arts at first; but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career.
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye pow'rs, an humble wreath demand:
No pomps I ask, which crowns and scepters yield;
Nor dang'rous laurels in the dusty field:
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

Nº 126. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1713.

Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.
TER. Heaut. Act. i. Sc. 1.

I am a man, and have a fellow-feeling of every thing belonging to man.

If we consider the whole scope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral and intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal; we shall perceive throughout, a certain correspondence of the parts, a similitude of operation, and unity of design, which plainly demonstrate the universe to be the work of one infinitely good and wise Being; and that the system of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the same divine power, which ordained those by which the corporeal system is upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion and cohesion of natural bodies, philosophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction between the most distant parts at least of this solar system. All those bodies that revolve round the sun are drawn towards each other, and towards the sun, by some secret, uniform and never-ceasing principle. Hence it is, that the earth (as well as the other planets) without flying off in a tangent line, constantly rolls about the sun, and the moon about the earth, without deserting her companion in so many thousand years. And as the larger

systems of the universe are held together by this cause, so likewise the particular globes derive their cohesion and consistence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may observe in the spirits or minds of men, a like principle of attraction, whereby they are drawn together in communities, clubs, families, friendships, and all the various species of society. As in bodies, where the quantity is the same, the attraction is strongest between those which are placed nearest to each other; so it is likewise in the mind of men, *cæteris paribus*, between those which are most nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the distance of many millions of miles, may nevertheless attract and constantly operate on each other, although this action do not shew itself by an union or approach of those distant bodies so long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the same time, attract them different ways; but would, on the supposed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human soul, whose affection towards the individuals of the same species, who are distantly related to it, is rendered inconspicuous by its more powerful attraction towards those who have a nearer relation to it. But as those are removed, the tendency which before lay concealed doth gradually disclose itself.

A man who has no family is more strongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours; and if absent from these, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with those of his own city or country who chance to be in the same place. Two Englishmen meeting at Rome or Constantinople, soon run into a familiarity. And in China or Japan, Euro-

peans would think their being so, a good reason for their uniting in particular converse. Farther, in case we suppose ourselves translated into Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chinese or other more distant native of our own planet, we should look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendship with him. These are natural reflections, and such as may convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The several great bodies which compose the solar system are kept from joining together at the common center of gravity by the rectilinear motions the Author of nature has impressed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principle, form their respective orbits round the sun; upon the ceasing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted, would shew itself by drawing them all into one mass. After the same manner, in the parallel case of society, private passions and motions of the soul do often obstruct the operation of that benevolent uniting instinct implanted in human nature; which notwithstanding doth still exert, and will not fail to shew itself when those obstructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by resolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceases to dispose and actuate his creatures in a manner suitable to their respective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cause. It is not the result of education, law, or fashion; but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very first formation of the soul by the Author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the most universal principle which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phænomena of nature; so the corresponding social appetite in human souls is the great spring and source of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourse with his species, and models every one to that behaviour which best suits with the common well-being. Hence that sympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on self-interest. It is this that makes us inquisitive concerning the affairs of distant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards those who are not yet in being, and consequently from whom we can expect no recompence. In a word, hence arises that diffusive sense of humanity so unaccountable to the selfish man who is untouched with it, and is indeed a sort of monster, or anomalous production.

These thoughts do naturally suggest the following particulars. First, that as social inclinations are absolutely necessary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and interest of each individual to cherish, and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty, because it is agreeable to the intention of the author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and as an indication of his will, hath implanted the seeds of mutual benevolence in our souls; the interest, because the good of the whole is inseparable from that of the parts; in promoting therefore the common

good, every one doth at the same time promote his own private interest. Another observation I shall draw from the premises is, That it makes a signal proof of the divinity of the Christian religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have distinguished the different sects of philosophy and religion; our Lord's peculiar precept is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.'

I will not say, that what is a most shining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to its professors: but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it appears in the mutual attraction or gravitations of the mundane system, in the general frame and constitution of the human soul; or lastly, in the ends and aptness which are discoverable in all parts of the visible and intellectual world; we shall not doubt but the precept, which is the characteristic of our religion, came from the Author of nature. Some of our modern free-thinkers would indeed insinuate the Christian morals to be defective, because say they, there is no mention made in the gospel of the virtue of friendship. These sagacious men (if I might be allowed the use of that vulgar saying) 'cannot see the wood for trees.' That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inspire its professors with the most noble and disinterested spirit of love, charity, and beneficence, to all mankind; or, in other words, with a friendship to every individual man; should be taxed with the want of that very virtue, is surely a glaring evidence of the blindness and prejudice of its adversaries.

Nº 127. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1713.

Lusit amabiliter——

He sported agreeably.

An agreeable young gentleman, that has a talent for poetry, and does me the favour to entertain me with his performances after my more serious studies, read me yesterday the following translation. In this town, where there are so many women of prostituted charms, I am very glad when I gain so much time of reflection from a youth of a gay turn, as is taken up in any composition, though the piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural inclination. For it is a great step towards gaining upon the passions, that there is a delicacy in the choice of their object; and to turn the imaginations towards a bride, rather than a mistress, is getting a great way towards being in the interest of virtue. It is an hopeless manner of reclaiming youth which has been practised by some moralists, to declaim against pleasure in general. No; the way is to shew, that the pleasurable course is that which is limited and governed by reason. In this case virtue is upon equal terms with vice, and has with all the same indulgencies of desire, the advantage of safety in honour and reputation. I have for this reason often thought of exercising my pupils, of whom I have several of admirable talents, upon writing little poems, or epigrams, which in a volume I would entitle The Seeing Cupid. These compo-

sitions should be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the strictest virtue, and all the circumstances alluded to in them, should have something that might please her mind in its purest innocence, as well as celebrate her person in its highest beauty. This work would instruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reason should go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is otherwise, real discontent and aversion in marriage, succeed the groundless and wild promise of imagination in courtship.

The court of Venus from Claudian, being part of the Epithalamium on Honorius and Maria.

In the fam'd Cyprian isle a mountain stands,
That casts a shadow into distant lands.
In vain access by human feet is try'd,
Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride
On bounteous Nile, thro' seven wide channels spread;
And sees old Proteus in his oozy bed.
Along its sides no hoary frosts presume
To blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom.
The winds with caution sweep the rising flowers,
While balmy dews descend, and vernal showers.
The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal spring.
Unfaded sweets in purple scenes appear,
And genial breezes soften all the year.
The nice, luxurious soul, uncloy'd may rove;
From pleasures still to circling pleasures move;
For endless beauty kindles endless love.

The mountain, when the summit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and sinks into a plain;
Where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry meads behold,
Inclos'd with branching oar, and hedg'd with gold:
Or where large crops the gen'rous glebe supplies,
And yellow harvests unprovok'd arise.
For by mild zephyrs fann'd, the teeming soil
Yields ev'ry grain, nor asks the peasant's toil.

These were the bribes, the price of heav'nly charms;
These Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms:
For such a bliss he such a gift bestow'd;
The rich, th' immortal labours of a god.

A sylvan scene, in solemn state display'd,
Flatters each feather'd warbler with a shade;
But here no bird its painted wings can move,
Unless elected by the Queen of Love.
Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
She hears the songster, and approves the song:
The joyous victors hop from spray to spray;
The vanquish'd fly with mournful notes away.

Branches in branches twin'd, compose the grove;
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat;
And bending poplars bending poplars meet:
The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh;
And to the sighing alder, alders sigh.
Blue heav'ns above them smile; and all below,
Two murm'ring streams in wild meanders flow.
This mix'd with gall; and that like honey sweet!
But ah! too soon th' unfriendly waters meet!
Steep'd in these springs (if verse belief can gain)
The darts of Love their double power attain:
Hence all mankind a bitter sweet have found,
A painful pleasure, and a grateful wound.

Along the grassy banks, in bright array,
Ten thousand little loves their wings display:
Quivers and bows their usual sports proclaim;
Their dress, their stature, and their looks the same;
Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
And tender, as the nymphs from whom they sprung;
For Venus did not boast one only son,
And rosy Cupid was that boasted one;
He, uncontroll'd, thro' heaven extends his sway,
And gods and goddesses by turns obey;
Or if he stoops on earth, great princes burn,
Sicken on thrones, and wreath'd with laurels mourn.
Th' inferior powers o'er hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural fair, or homely swain.

Here Love's imperial pomp is spread around,
Voluptuous liberty that knows no bound;
And sudden storms of wrath, which soon decline;
And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine:
Unartful tears and hectic looks, that show
With silent eloquence the lover's woe;
Boldness unfledg'd, and to stol'n raptures new
Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue:
Fears that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
Which check our swelling hopes, but not destroy;
And short-breath'd vows, forgot as soon as made,
On airy pinions flutter through the glade.
Youth with a haughty look, and gay attire,
And rolling eyes that glow with soft desire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous seat;
While sullen cares and wither'd age retreat.

Now from afar the palace seems to blaze,
And hither would extend its golden rays;
But by reflection of the grove is seen
The gold still vary'd by the waving green.
For Mulciber with secret pride beheld
How far his skill all human wit excell'd;
And grown uxorious, did the work design
To speak the artist, and the art divine.
Proud columns tow'ring high, support the frame,
That hewn from hyacinthian quarries came.
The beams are emeralds, and yet scarce adorn
The ruby walls on which themselves are born.
The pavement, rich with veins of agate lies;
And steps with shining jasper slippery rise.

Here spices in parterres promiscuous blow,
Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow;
The wanton winds through groves of cassia play,
And steal the ripen'd fragrances away;
Here with its load the wild amomum bends;
There cinnamon, in rival sweets, contends;
A rich perfume the ravish'd senses fills,
While from the weeping tree the balm distils.

At these delightful bowers arrives at last
The God of Love, a tedious journey past;
Then shapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
Doubles his majesty, and walks in state.

It chanc'd upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden tresses did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
Th' Idalian sisters, rang'd in order, stand.
Ambrosial essence one bestows in showers,
And lavishly whole streams of nectar pours,
With ivory combs another's dextrous care
Or curls, or opens the dishevel'd hair;
A third, industrious with a nicer eye,
Instructs the ringlets in what form to lie:
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest.
Sweet negligence! by artful study wrought,
A graceful error, and a lovely fault.
The judgment of the glass is here unknown;
Here mirrors are supply'd by ev'ry stone.
Where'er the goddess turns, her image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the walls.
Now while she did her spotless form survey,
Pleas'd with Love's empire, and almighty sway:
She spy'd her son, and fir'd with eager joy
Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the fav'rite boy.

Nº 128. FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1713.

Delenda est Carthago——

Demolish Carthage.

It is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traiterous purpose imaginable, that I do not care what

misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard to the honour, safety, or glory of their queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most Christian majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious successor (or his ministry in a king's minority) might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'You employ your important moments methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The inclosed printed paper in French and English has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noon-day. You see the title of it is, "A most humble address, or memorial, presented to her majesty the queen of Great Britain, by the deputy of the magistrates of Dunkirk." The nauseous memorialist, with the most fulsome flattery, tells the queen of her thunder, and of wisdom and clemency adored by all the earth; at the same time that he attempts to undermine her power, and escape her wisdom, by beseeching her to do an act which will give a well-

grounded jealousy to her people. What the sycophant desires is, that the mole and dykes of Dunkirk may be spared; and it seems, the sieur Tugghe, for so the petitioner is called, was thunderstruck by the denunciation (which he says) "the lord viscount Bolingbroke made to him," that her majesty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had pronounced against the town. Mr. Ironside, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity, if you would put the sieur Tugghe right in this matter; and let him know, that her majesty has pronounced no sentence against the town, but his most Christian majesty has agreed that the town and harbour shall be demolished.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

'That the very common people know, that within three months after the signing of the peace, the works toward the sea, were to be demolished; and, within "three months after it, the works towards the land."

'That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

'That the parliament has been told from the queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French king.

'That the sieur Tugghe has the impudence to ask the queen to remit the most material part of the articles of peace between her majesty and his master.

'That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almost all the ports of France, either in the Ocean, or the Mediterranean.

'That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchantmen.

'That the pretender sailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

'That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England, in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole, dykes and harbour; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

'That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, that the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

'That the situation of Dunkirk is such, as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing on the Thames and Medway.

'That all the suggestions, which the sieur Tugghe brings concerning the Dutch, are false and scandalous.

'That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk should be demolished; it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it should be so.

'That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off of Great Britain than it is at present.

'That after the demolition, there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French

on all the channel, but at Brest; and that Great Britain being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

'Pray, Mr. Ironside, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, That the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles farther off from us; and then repeat again, that the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk.

'I demand of you, as you love and honour your queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

'Be honest, old Nestor, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

'It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest brave people be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

'I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

Your humble servant,

ENGLISH TORY.'

Nº 129. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1713.

——— *Animasque in vulnere ponunt.*
VIRG. Georg. iv. 238.

And part with life, only to wound their foe.

ANGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric disposition. The moralists have defined it to be 'a desire of revenge for some injury offered.' Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly desirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themselves injured: whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens that the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments, upon slight, and sometimes imaginary offences: but the temperately revengeful have leisure to weigh the merits of the cause, and thereby either to smother their secret resentments, or to seek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have sustained. Weak minds are apt to speak well of the man of fury; because, when the storm is over, he is full of sorrow and repentance; but the truth is, he is apt to commit such ravages during his madness, that when he comes to himself, he becomes tame then, for the same reason that he ran wild before, 'only to give himself ease;' and is a friend only to himself in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect

that their friends should bear with their infirmities. Their friends should in return desire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuses, that they cannot help it, that it was soon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a mastiff; but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual savage. Why indeed should any one imagine, that persons independent upon him should venture into his society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do something the next minute which he can never repair, and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf but that he is apt to do mischief as fast as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied; he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be so understood as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate malice; I would only observe, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the rash and inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the talent that Heaven hath bestowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to say which of the two when injured is more troublesome to himself, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is boisterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempest, again all sun-shine. The other hath a smoother but more lasting anguish, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beast. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life; what shall we think of him who hath a soul so infected that he can never be happy until he hath made another miserable? What wars

may we imagine perpetually raging in his breast? What dark stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, dreadful resolutions! A snake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to sting a traveller, and to hiss him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of such an artful, unsearchable projector. Were I to choose an enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly; or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the stroke of a stiletto? Let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third sort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the mistaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breasts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, restrain their wrath so far as to seek convenient times for vengeance. The single combat seems so generous a way of ending controversies, that until we have strict laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wish I could not say of wretched spirits, will be increased. Of all the medals which have been struck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him so true renown as that upon the success of his edicts for abolishing the impious practice of duelling.

What inclined me at present to write upon this subject, was the sight of the following letters, which I can assure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by passing different climes,

and waiting convenient seasons) for murdering each other, when we consider them as moved by a sense of honour, must raise in the reader as much compassion as horror.

A Monsieur Monsieur Sackville.

'I THAT am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to wring * your praises * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time; the place wheresoever I will wait on you. By doing this you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

ED. BRUCE.'

A Mons. Monsieur le BARON *de* KINLOSS.

'As it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall con-

* Ring with.

duct you thither. In the mean time be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

ED. SACKVILLE.'

A Mons. Monsieur le BARON *de* KINLOSS.

'I AM ready at Tergosa a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention, until which time you shall find me there.

Tergoso *, Aug. 10, 1613. ED. SACKVILLE.'

A Mons. Monsieur SACKVILLE.

'I HAVE received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me, and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

ED. BRUCE.'

* Targow, famous for the painted window in the cathedral. A.

Nº 130. MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1713.

— *Vacuum sine mente popellum.* MUSÆ ANGLICANÆ.

An empty, thoughtless tribe.

As the greatest part of mankind are more affected by things which strike the senses, than by excellencies that are to be discerned by reason and thought, they form very erroneous judgments when they compare one with the other. An eminent instance of this is, that vulgar notion that men addicted to contemplation are less useful members of society than those of a different course of life. The business therefore of my present paper shall be to compare the distinct merits of the speculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages arising from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the interest of their own country, they lessen or obstruct that of other nations: whereas the light and knowledge that spring from speculation are not limited to any single spot, but equally diffused to the benefit of the whole globe. Besides, for the most part, the renown only of men of action is transmitted to distant posterity, their great exploits either dying with themselves, or soon after them; whereas speculative men continue to deserve well of the world thousands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame, which

is due to them, but a free gift to those, whose beneficence has not outlived their persons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Cæsar or Alexander, that we should make them the constant themes of our praise? while the name of Pythagoras is more sparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may seem strange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philosopher invented the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, which is the foundation of trigonometry and consequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends.

The mathematics are so useful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious sir William Temple acknowledges, in some part of his writings, all those advantages which distinguish polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as these sciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our prospects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and sublime sentiments in the soul.

The divine sages of antiquity, who by transmitting down to us their speculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are most eminent benefactors to human nature; and however overlooked in the loud and thoughtless applauses that are every day bestowed on the slaughterers and disturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the esteem and approbation of the wise and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the speculative part of mankind, who make useful truth the end of their being, and its acquisition the business as well as entertainment of their lives, seems not improper, in order to rectify the mistake of those who measure merit by noise and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that species by those who abound in animal life, would incline one to think the world not sufficiently convinced that whatsoever is good or excellent proceeds from reason and reflection.

Even those who only regard truth as such, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will seem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they pass their lives, with the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the number of those who by abstracted thoughts become useless, is inconsiderable in respect of them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and restless disposition.

As in the distribution of other things, so in this the wisdom of Providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual pursuits bear a small proportion to those who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter sort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas those of the mind are permanent and universal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a sort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

'But if to inform the understanding, and regulate the will, is the most lasting and diffusive benefit, there will not be found so useful and ex-

cellent an institution as that of the Christian priesthood, which is now become the scorn of fools. That a numerous order of men should be consecrated to the study of the most sublime and beneficial truths, with a design to propagate them by their discourses and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to possess their minds with a sense of a future state, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewise to persuade mankind to the practice of them by the most powerful and engaging motives, is a thing so excellent and necessary to the well-being of the world, that nobody but a modern free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

'The light in which these points should be exposed to the view of one who is prejudiced against the names religion, church, priest, and the like, is to consider the clergy as so many philosophers, the churches as schools, and their sermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation, where the law had made provision for philosophers to read lectures of morality and theology every seventh day, in several thousands of schools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country; at which lectures all ranks and sexes, without distinction, were obliged to be present for their general improvement! And what wicked wretches would they think those men who would endeavour to defeat the purpose of so divine an institution?'

It is indeed usual with that low tribe of writers, to pretend their design is only to reform the church, and expose the vices, and not the order

of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet printed the other day (which without my mentioning the title, will on this occasion occur to the thoughts of those who have read it) hopes to insinuate by that artifice what he is afraid or ashamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which clearly shew what it is he aims at. The first is, that he constantly uses the word priests in such a manner, as that his reader cannot but observe he means to throw an odium on the clergy of the church of England, from their being called by a name which they enjoy in common with heathens and impostors. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great spleen and industry, all those actions of churchmen, which, either by their own illness, or the bad light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impression of the dispensers of the gospel; all which he pathetically addresses to the consideration of his wise and honest countrymen of the laity. The sophistry and ill-breeding of these proceedings are so obvious to men who have any pretence to that character, that I need say no more either of them or their author.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This distinction arises from the different occupations wherein they exert themselves. The former of these species is universally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a base and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally so in the distribution of particular persons under their respective denominations It is a clear settled point, that the gentleman should be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philosophers distinguish two parts in human nature; the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reason of the thing, we shall find it difficult to assign a more just and adequate idea of these distinct species, than by defining the gentleman to be him whose occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties, and the mechanic him who is employed in the use of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

The concurring assent of the world, in preferring gentlemen to mechanics, seems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is entitled to above the animal; when we consider it in itself, as it is the seat of wisdom and understanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brightest impress of the Deity.

It claims the same dignity and pre-eminence, if we consider it with respect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: whereas Reason inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings; the great Author of our existence; its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or in case that noble faculty submit itself to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a slow and painful manner of action; but shifts the scenes, and applies itself to the most distant objects with incredible ease and dispatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like those of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole species.

And as we have shewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than those of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the same will still hold if we consider their office. It

is the province of the former to preside and direct; of the latter, to execute and obey. Those who apply their hands to the materials appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it, is owing to the architect, who designed the plan in his closet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature, of use or regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior principle of reason and understanding. These reflections how obvious soever, do nevertheless seem not sufficiently attended to by those, who being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premises it follows, that a man may descend from an ancient family, wear fine cloaths, and be master of what is commonly called good-breeding, and yet not merit the name of gentleman. All those whose principal accomplishments consist in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made use of be the eye, the muscles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reason to be esteemed mechanics.

I do therefore by these presents declare, that all men and women, by what title soever distinguished, whose occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dress, cringe, adjust the muscles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to those who employ the talents of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are distinguished by moral and intellectual accomplishments.

The rest of the human species come under the appellation of mechanics, with this difference, that the professed mechanics, who not pretending to be

gentlemen, contain themselves within their proper sphere, are necessary to the well-being of mankind, and consequently should be more respected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than those mechanics who make a merit of being useless.

Having hitherto considered the human species as distinguished into gentlemen and mechanics, I come now to treat of the machines; a sort of beings that have the outside or appearance of men, without being really such. The free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or spirit; but that all the operations they exert proceed from the collision of certain corpuscles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a considerable time that I have been their proselyte in this point. I am even so far convinced that they are in the right, that I shall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itself invisible, there is no other way to discern its existence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where design, order, and symmetry, are visible in the effects, we conclude the cause to be an Intelligent Being; but where nothing of these can be found, we ascribe the effect to hazard, necessity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is conversant in the modern productions of our free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at best of mechanism, than of a thinking principle, and consequently whether the authors of those rhapsodies are not mere machines.

The same point is likewise evident from their own assertion; it being plain that no one could mistake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For these reasons I do hereby give it in charge to all Christians, that hereafter they speak

of free-thinkers in the neuter gender, using the term 'it' for 'him.' They are to be considered as automata, made up of bones and muscles, nerves, arteries, and animal spirits; not so innocent indeed, but as destitute of thought and reason, as those little machines which the excellent author, from whom I take the motto of this paper, has so elegantly described.

Nº 131. TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1713.

Iter pigrorum quasi sepes spinarum. EX LATIN. PROV.

The way of the slothful man is an hedge of thorns.

PROV. xv. 19.

THERE are two sorts of persons within the consideration of my frontispiece; the first are the mighty body of Lingerers, persons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are such pretty innocents, who, as the poet says,

——— waste away
In gentle inactivity the day.

The others being something more vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their time well, but are in the constant pursuit of criminal satisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the case of the first seems to be the most deplorable, as the habit of sloth is more invincible than that of vice.

The first is preferred even when the man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant deliberation, and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which Mr. Hobbes calls a natural drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any errors committed during the deprivation or supension of our reason, than in the possession of it. The irregular starts of vicious appetites are in time destroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of sloth receives daily strength from its continuance. 'I went (says Solomon) by the field of the slothful, and the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.' To raise the image of this person, the same author adds, 'The slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of spending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleness should of itself be persuasion enough to the men of sense to avoid it. I say to the men of sense, because there are of these that give into it, and for these chiefly is this paper designed. Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments, are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn sanguine youth. They are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain; as the strongest persuasive to the children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may say there is more toil, fatigue, and uneasiness in sloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himself upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, spleen is the necessary

consequence. This directs him instantly to the contemplation of his health or circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy inquiries. If he has any common business upon his hands, numberless objections arise, that make the dispatch of it impossible; and he cries out with Solomon, 'There is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets;' that is, there is some difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to books, or business, contracts a chearful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvements of his knowledge or fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

> 'Thick-ey'd musing cursed melancholy,'
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

has that constant life in his visage and conversation, which the idle splenetic man borrows sometimes from the sun-shine, exercise, or an agreeable friend. A recluse idle sobriety must be attended with more bitter remorse, than the most active debauchery can at any intervals be molested with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himself very little time to examine his own conduct, and will bestow as few reflections upon himself, as the lingerer does upon any thing else unless he has the misfortune to repent. I repeat the misfortune to repent, because I have put the great day of account out of the present case, and am now inquiring, not whose life is most irreligious, but most inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and something splenetic, informs me, that in one winter he drank six hampers of Spa water, several gallons of

chalybeate tincture, two hogsheads of bitters, at the rate of sixty pound an hogshead, laid one hundred and fifty infallible schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand affronts during the north-easterly winds, and in short run through more misery and expence, than the most meritorious bravo could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the university, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a state of such tranquillity as prejudices them against the bustle of that worldly business, for which this part of their education should prepare them. As he could with the utmost secrecy be Idle in his own chamber, he says he was for some years irrecoverably sunk, and immersed in the luxury of an easy-chair, though at the same time, in the general opinion, he passed for a hard student. During this lethargy he had some intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful thoughts of a mis-spent life. Thus his supposed relief became his punishment, and like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice,

> '— He felt by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.'

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other which the Idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes by his own contrivances and insinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having

decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance, and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened, by application, out of slumber; has no more spleen than a Dutchman, who, as sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this enemy, but 'is always well when he is not ill, always pleased when he is not angry.'

There is a gentleman I have seen at a coffee-house, near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself discourse, his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers therefore every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the impertinence, or evince the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself, as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent: and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, though not with the same innocence. He is very dexterous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse hair, which his periwig

supplies him with. He hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforesaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most rueful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us; let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our wills, may in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of an idle life, it shall be under this head, '*pereunt et imputantur*:' which is an inscription upon a sundial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the Idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

'MR. IRONSIDE, *August* 10, 1713.

'I AM obliged to you for inserting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk in your paper of the seventh instant; but you will

find, upon perusal, that you have printed the word "three" where you should have printed the word "two;" which I desire you would amend by inserting the whole paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

"The very common people know, that within two months after the signing of the peace the works toward the sea were to be demolished, and within three months after it the works towards the land.

"That the said peace was signed the last of March O. S."

'I beg pardon for giving you so much trouble, which was only to avoid mistakes, having been very much abused by some whiggish senseless fellows, that give out I am for the Pretender.

Your most humble servant,

ENGLISH TORY.'

Nº 132. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1713.

Quisque suos patimur manes— VIRG. Æn. vi. 743.

All have their manes. DRYDEN.

MR. IRONSIDE,

THE following letter was really written by a young gentleman in a languishing illness, which both himself, and those who attended him, thought it impossible for him to outlive. If you think such an

image of the state of a man's mind in that circumstance be worth publishing, it is at your service, and take it as follows:

'DEAR SIR,

'You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and hope I have received some advantage by it. If what Mr. Waller says be true, that,

> "The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:"

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inclosed structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence on our outworks. Youth at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age. It is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon its bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me. It has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an

advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I began where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.

'When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who (being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head) made answer, "What care I for the house? I am only a lodger." I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour: and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will arise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. "The memory of man," as it is elegantly exprest in the Wisdom of Solomon, "passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day." There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age." He

was taken away speedily, lest that "wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

I am, yours.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. Greeting.

'OLD DAD,

'I AM so happy as to be the husband of a woman that never is in the wrong, and yet is at continual war with every body, especially with all her servants, and myself. As to her maids, she never fails of having at least a dozen or fourteen in each year, yet never has above one at a time, and the last that comes is always the worst that ever she had in her life; although they have given very good content in better families than mine for several years together. Not that she has the pleasure of turning them away, but she does so ferrit them about, "Forsooth" and "Mistress" them up, and so find fault with every thing they do, and talks to them so loud and so long, that they either give her immediate warning, or march off without any wages at all. So that through her great zeal and care to make them better servants than any in the world, and their obstinacy in being no better than they can, our house is a sort of Bedlam, and nothing in order; for by that time a maid comes to know where things stand, whip, she is gone, and so we have not another in four or five days, and this all the year round. As to myself, all the world believes me to be one of the best of husbands, and I am of the world's mind, until my dear Patient Grizzle comes to give her opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr. Ironside, never was a woman used as she

is. The world does not think how unhappy she is! I am a wolf in sheep's clothing. And then her neighbours are so ill-natured, that they refuse to suffer her to say what she pleases of their families, without either returning her compliments, or withdrawing from her oratory; so that the poor woman has scarcely any society abroad, nor any comfort at home, and all through the sauciness of servants, and the unkindness of a husband that is so cruel to her, as to desire her to be quiet. But she is coming. I am in haste.

Sir, your humble servant,

NICHOLAS EARING.'

'SIR,

'I HOPE you will not endure this Dumb club, for I am the lucky spouse of one of those gentlemen: and when my dear comes from this joyless society, I am an impertinent, noisy rattle-snake, my maid is a saucy sow, the man is a thick-skull puppy, and founders like a horse; my cook is a tasteless ass; and if a child cry, the maid is a careless bear: if I have company, they are a parcel of chattering magpies; if abroad, I am a gaggling goose; when I return, you are a fine galloper; women, like cats, should keep the house. This is a frequent sentence with him. Consider some remedy against a temper that seldom speaks, and then speaks only unkindness. This will be a relief to all those miserable women who are married to the worst of tempers, the sullen, more especially to

Your distressed appellant,

GOODY DUMP.'

'FRIEND NESTOR,

'OUR brother Tremble having lately given thee wholesome advice concerning tuckers, I send thee a word of counsel touching thyself. Verily thou hast found great favour with the godly sisters. I have read in that mysterious book called Æsop's Fables, how once upon a time an ass arrayed himself in the skin of a lion, thereby designing to appear as one of the mighty. But behold the vanity of this world was found light, the spirit of untruth became altogether naked. When the vain-glorious animal opened his jaws to roar, the lewd * voice of an ass braying was heard in the mountains. Friend, friend, let the moral of this sink deep into thy mind; the more thou ponderest thereon, the fitter thou wilt become for the fellowship of the faithful. We have every day more and more hopes of thee; but between thee and me, when thou art converted, thou must take to thee a scripture name. One of thy writing brethren bore a very good name, he was entitled Isaac, but now sleepeth. Jacob suiteth thy bookseller well. Verily Nestor soundeth Babylonish in the ears of thy well-wisher and constant reader,

The third day of the week, prophanely called Tuesday. RUTH PRIM.'

'SIR,

'NOTWITHSTANDING your grave advice to the fair sex not to lay the beauties of their necks so open, I find they mind you so little, that we young men are in as much danger as ever. Yesterday, about seven in the evening, I took a turn with a gentleman just come to town, in a

* Loud voice.

public walk. We had not walked above two rounds, when the spark on a sudden pretended weariness, and as I importuned him to stay longer, he turned short, and pointing to a celebrated beauty: "What," said he, "do you think I am made of, that I should bear the sight of such snowy breasts! Oh, she is intolerably handsome!" Upon this we parted, and I resolved to take a little more air in the garden, yet avoid the danger by casting my eyes downwards: but to my unspeakable surprise, I discovered, in the same fair creature, the finest ancle and prettiest foot that ever fancy imagined. If the petticoats, as well as the stays, thus diminish, what shall we do dear Nestor? If it is neither safe to look at the head nor the feet of the charmer, whither shall we direct our eyes? I need not trouble you with any further description of her, but I beg you would consider that your wards are frail and mortal.

Your most obedient servant,

EPIMETRIUS.'

Nº 133. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1713.

Oh, fatal love of fame! Oh glorious heat!
Only destructive to the brave and great.

ADDISON's *Campaign.*

THE letters which I published in the Guardian of Saturday last, are written with such spirit and greatness of mind, that they had excited a great

curiosity in my lady Lizard's family, to know what occasioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who wrote them; and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day listening in a circle to Mr. William the Templar, who was informing the ladies of the ceremonies used in the single combat, when the kings of England permitted such trials to be performed in their presence. He took occasion from the chance of such judicial proceedings, to relate a custom used, in a certain part of India, to determine law-suits, which he produced as a parallel to the single combat. The custom is, "That the plaintiff and defendant are thrown into a river, where each endeavours to keep under water as long as he is able; and he who comes up first loses the cause." The author adds, "that if they had no other way of deciding controversies in Europe, the lawyers might e'en throw themselves in after them."

The mirth occasioned by this Indian law, did not hinder the ladies from reflecting still more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed, that it must be a mistress which caused the duel; and Mrs. Cornelia had already settled in her mind the fashion of their arms, their colours and devices. My lady only asked with a sigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children.

In order to give them what satisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occasion of the difference, I shall present the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the survivor to a courtier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour, which robs our country of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

Sir Edward Sackville's relation of the fight betwixt him and the lord Bruce.

'WORTHY SIR,

'As I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in the report of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the lord Bruce and myself, which as they are spread here, so I may justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath, or by sword. The first is due to magistrates, and communicable to friends; the other to such as maliciously slander and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merit, assure me you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons. And on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation, sent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Derbyshire at my father-in-law's house. After it follows my then answer, returned him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise, being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine, by post from Rotterdam, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceased lord, is testified by the last, which periods the business until we met at Tergosa in Zealand, it being the

place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-way but a village divides the States territories from the archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that having ended, he that could, might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason my lord as I conceive, because he could not handsomely without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the

sword, which was performed by sir John Heidon, it pleased the lord Bruce to choose my own, and then past expectation, he told him that he found himself so far behind-hand, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) "that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour." Hereupon sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butchery, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon, sir John leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise) I requested my second to certify him, I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other some twelve score, about some * two English miles: and then, passion having so weak an enemy to assail, as my direction †, easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to

* Guard. in folio. † Discretion.

his commands. I being verily mad with anger the lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation. I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow ancle deep in water at the least, bidding farewel to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure: we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could; I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge I pressed in to him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants though the meanest; which hung by a skin, and to sight yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which on neither part either would perform, and restriving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long

captivated weapon. Which incontinently levying* at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint; and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions; through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword re-passed it again, through another place; when he cried "Oh, I am slain!" seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it; bravely replying "he scorned it." Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon afar off, cried out, "he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms after I had remained a while for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and

* Levelling.

his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger. For my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord's sword; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands: although my lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out "Rascal! hold thy hand." So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation; which I pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to my lord chamberlain. And so, &c.

Your's,

Louvain, the 8th of Sept. 1613.

EDWARD SACKVILLE.'

N° 134. FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1713.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis.
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.

HOR. 1 Sat. ii. 94.

In virtuous dames, you see the face alone:
None show the rest, but women of the town.

MY lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was

sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my lion, namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank-bill conveyed to me through the mouth of my lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this, my lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat, others have choaked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an arrant French tory, and the day after, a virulent whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. Button's house to the lion's library, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not

communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untuckered neck, and as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

'GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

'I MUST acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her ear, partly between jest and earnest, that "I will tell the lion of her." Dear Sir, do not let them alone until you have made them put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater sign, that they themselves are sensible they have stripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen which will hardly cover a silver groat, their modesty-piece? It is observed, that this modesty-piece still sinks lower and lower; and who knows where it will fix at last?

'You must know, sir, I am a Turkey merchant, and I lived several years in a country where the women shew nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England I was almost out of countenance to see my pretty country-women laying open their charms with so much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in the ex-

tremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married man must be, that I should make daily discoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the rest of the world. But since this new airy fashion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine; for I can positively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within these three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ancle are now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me, when I first found myself their proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is still rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new scene every day.

'In short, sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least share of it. When she is at home she is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when she has thrown aside half her clothes, she begins to think herself half drest. Now, sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong to think of reforming this fashion, by shewing the immodesty of it. If you expect to make female proselytes, you must convince them, that if they would get husbands, they must not shew all before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figure of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a

curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, "Pray, gentlemen, walk in."

'I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's she-disciples are obliged to cover themselves; you have lately informed us from the foreign newspapers of the regulations which the pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope, our British dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to shew no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the neck, properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

'You know, sir, that in the beginning of last century, there was a sect of men amongst us, who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Eveites.

I am, Sir, &c.'

Nº 135. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1713.

———*meâ*
Virtute me involvo— HOR. 3 Od. xxix. 54.

——Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
DRYDEN.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befal us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have always been mightily pleased with that passage in Don Quixote, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means not abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praise-worthy. Socrates after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. Anytus and Melitus, says he, may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather choose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They shew that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. 'You,' says he, 'who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them take no pleasure in hearing them.' Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him. 'No body will believe you when you

speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.'

In these and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus: 'If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.' When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his singing; 'Ay,' says he, 'then I must learn to sing better.' But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him; 'It is no matter,' said he, 'I will live so that none shall believe them.' Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; 'I am sure he would not do it,' says he, 'if he had not some reason for it.' This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, 'a good conscience.'

I designed in this essay to shew that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it: but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's

heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author having shewn the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently shew and exert itself, is at the time of death. Which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagance stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt: what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? Not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

'No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

'And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnests, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undaunted, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort, which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood until it comes to be felt.

'And now, who would not quit all the pleasures and trash and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turns its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, "well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" ☞.

N° 136. MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1713.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 127.

The gates of death are open night and day.
DRYDEN.

Some of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of death metamorphosing himself like another Proteus into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man, death enters first of all in a body of fire; a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon-ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himself all of a sudden into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design by this allegory, was to shew the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the dust. I remember monsieur Pascal, in his reflections on Providence, has this observa-

tion upon Cromwell's death. That usurper, says he, who had destroyed the royal family in his own nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, *and struck a terror into Rome itself*, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of sand, says he, that would have been of no significancy in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolutions, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that upon a strict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste of the species, has made allowance for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstra-

tive argument for the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining he has set down, among the real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribe the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, smallpox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate, fox-hunters - - -	4
Of a quick-set hedge - - -	2
Two duels, viz.	
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched - - -	13
Of an evil tongue - - -	9
Crost in love - - -	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henroost -	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the parish - -	1
Surfeit of curds and cream - -	2
Took cold sleeping at church - -	11

Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a bull-baiting - - - -	1
Lady B——'s cordial water - -	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle - -	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with saucer eyes - - -	1
Of October - - -	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the shire - - - -	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's nest - - -	1
Chalk and green apples - - -	4
Led into a horsepond by a will of the wisp	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands - - -	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming -	1
By the parson's bull - - -	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the squire's house-dog - - -	2
Shot by mistake - - - -	1
Of a mountebank doctor - - -	6
Of the merry-andrew - - -	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch - -	1
Old age - - - -	100
Foul distemper - - -	0

☞.

Nº 137. TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1713.

——— *sanctus haberi*
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco Procerem ——— JUV. Sat. viii. 24.

Convince the world, that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, in all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A Peer of the first quality to me. STEPNEY.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to shew that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission however to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude, to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country; and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who

are indifferent in themselves and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man in the eye of the world as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of king Charles's parliaments; 'Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time'— upon which an honest gentleman took him up short, 'I would fain know what that gentleman means: Is there any one in the house that has not

had the honour to be born as well as himself?' The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod, to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eyes about, 'My lord such a one,' says he, 'your most humble servant. Sir Richard, your humble servant. Your servant, Mr. Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Ha! Frank, are you there?'

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago, an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have

died a maid in the eightieth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and past away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer; but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the Change in a

coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill-fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, 'What was all this to me?' Upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides.——After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand. ☞.

N° 138. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1713.

Incenditque animum Famæ venientis amore.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 889.

And fires his mind with love of future fame.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as variety. By this means every one of my readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him, and almost every paper has some particular set of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel in that beautiful description of Milton:

'So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best;
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant; but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore;
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reigned; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand ——' FIFTH BOOK.

If by this method I can furnish out a *Splendida ferrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem, published among the exercises of the last Oxford act; I have gained the end which I proposed to myelf.

In my yesterday's paper, I shewed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that should make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boasts of his virtues, and be honourable for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when after having shown him the race of heroes who were to descend from him, Anchises adds with a noble warmth,

> ' *Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?*'
>
> ÆN. vi. 806.

> ' And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
> The paths of honour? ——— ' DRYDEN.

Since I have mentioned this passage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the

Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augustus. For this reason Anchises, who shews Æneas most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to outrival one another on that subject; he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

'*Hic vir, hic est, &c.*' ÆN. vi. 791.

'But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.

Afric, and India, shall his power obey,
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gate;
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fate,
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar;
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus turning from his Indian war,
By tygers drawn triumphant in his car;
From Nisus top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?———'

I could shew out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them: but instead of that, I shall conclude with a rabbinical story which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

Adam, say the rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others the vision set before him the soul of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year,

'Ostendent terris hunc tantùm fata, neque ultrà
Esse sinent ——— ' ÆN. vi. 869.

'This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.'
DRYDEN.

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threescore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly, say the rabbins, Adam falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of David. Adam having lived 930 years, and David 70.

This story was invented to shew the high opinion which the rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David, 'of David the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel,' ☞.

Nº 139. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1713.

—— *prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.*
VIRG. Æn. ix. 79.

—— The fact, thro' length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith: yet shall the same endure.
DRYDEN.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'I FIND that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe, that your lion, as you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered with myself how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal that has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved to do honour to him, by compiling an history of his species, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this design, I shall have no manner of regard to what Æsop has said upon the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beasts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falsehood and forgery, in almost every

matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters with a lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In short, a knight errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the lion with a story related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out of Dion Cassius, an historian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous story of Androcles the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no farther in it, if he has read it already.

'Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the desarts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made

towards him. Androcles gave himself* for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length with this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was

* up for lost.

all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the desarts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "*Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis.*" "This is the lion who was the man's host, this is the man who was the lion's physician."

☞.

Nº 140. FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1713.

——— *quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo*
Laomedontiades, vel Nestoris hernia possit.

JUV. Sat. vi. 324.

A sight, might thaw old Priam's frozen age,
And warm ev'n Nestor into amorous rage.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my lion at Button's coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon conversing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whose other name he observes is Daniel (a good omen still with regard to the lion his cohabitant), he had discovered the very hour in which the said lion was set up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, by which, says he, is signified the natural love and friendship the lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted: from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me,

that in the most exact astrological schemes, the lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untuckered stays and short petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ancle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw five years ago, that both the pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propension in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and cloathing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great-grandmothers the Briths or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. The bosom of the coquette, says he, may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The prude might have a Pallas, with a shield and gorgon's head. In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and at the same time shew us what she would be at. But by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are na-

tural to them; and though, like the old Picts, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expence in furnishing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point, if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have written a letter to the pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

'TO POPE CLEMENT THE EIGHTH, NESTOR IRONSIDE, GREETING.

'DEAR BROTHER,

'I HAVE heard, with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your priests to confess any woman who appears before them without a tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible for the good man to discharge his office, as he ought, who gives an ear to those alluring penitents that discover their hearts

and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to stir up the same spirit of modesty among the women of this island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a work. In order to it, I desire that you would send me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it stood before your late prohibition. We have some here who have necks of one, two, and three foot in length; some that have necks which reach down to their middles, and indeed, some who may be said to be all neck, and no body. I hope, at the same time you observe the stays of your female subjects, that you have also an eye to their petticoats, which rise in this island daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays fall to the fifth rib (which I hear is to be the standard of each, as it has been lately settled in a junto of the sex), I will take care to send you one of either sort, which I advertise you of beforehand, that you may not compute the stature of our English women from the length of their garments. In the mean time I have desired the master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a certain female machine which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use of it. Not to keep you in suspence, it is what we call in this country a hooped petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me know, whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relics of your female saints, and in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thousand virgin martyrs.

'Yours, *usque ad Aras*,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

P. S. I must not dismiss this letter without declaring myself a good protestant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take notice of, lest I should be accused by an author of unexampled stupidity *, for corresponding with the head of a Romish church. ☞.

Nº 141. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1713.

Frange, miser, calamos, vigilataque prœlia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina cellâ,
Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macrâ.

JUV. Sat. vii. 27.

Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths through written pages eat their way;
Your wars, your loves, your praises be forgot;
And make of all an universal blot——
The rest is empty praise, an ivy crown,
Or the lean statue of a mean renown.

CH. DRYDEN.

'WIT,' saith the bishop of Rochester * in his elegant sermon against the scorner, 'as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it.' I shall take leave

* These harsh words are spoken of the writer of the Examiner, vol. iv. No. 27, in folio.

† Dr. Atterbury.

to carry this observation farther into common life, and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young persons to the favour of such patrons, as are generally studious to promote the interest of politeness, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent complaints of some rising authors whom I have taken under my guardianship. Since my circumstances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I must take upon me the person of a philosopher, and make them a present of my advice. I would not have any poet whatsoever, who is not born to five hundred a year, deliver himself up to wit, but as it is subservient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is useful in all professions, and should be considered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man's word; the desire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of ease and convenience erase the fairy images of glory and honour. Even those who have succeeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with some regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and useful speculations. This is admirably exprest in the following lines by an author *, whom I have formerly done justice to on the account of his pastoral poems.

In search of Wisdom, far from Wit I fly;
Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
In whose bewitching arms our early time
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime:
But when Reflection comes with riper years,
And Manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
And, wed to Wisdom, lead a happy life.

* Mr. Ambrose Philips.

A passage which happened to me some years ago confirmed several maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper of my acquaintance, remarkable for his learning * and good-nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he shewed me at the one end several well-chosen mottos, and several patterns of cloth at the other.—I, like a well-bred man, praised both sorts of goods; whereupon he tore out the mottos, and generously gave them to me: but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am sensible that any accounts of my own secret history can have but little weight with young men of sanguine expectations. I shall therefore take this opportunity to present my wards with the history of an ancient Greek poet, which was sent me from the library of Fez, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuscript of Homer's works, which was brought by the Barbarians from Constantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully translated part of it, and desire that it may be diligently perused by all men who design to live by their wits.

'I was born at the foot of a certain mountain in Greece called Parnassus, where the country is remarkably delicious. My mother, while she was with child of me, longed for laurel leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a swarm of bees settled about my mouth, without doing me any injury. These were looked upon as presages of my being a great man; and the early promises I gave of a quick wit, and lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my

* Perhaps Will. Pate, a draper, celebrated for his wit and learning.

friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful young virgin, with whom I had innocently and familiarly conversed from my childhood, became the public talk of our village. I was so taken up with my passion, that I entirely neglected all other affairs: and though the daughter of Machaon the physician, and a rich heiress, the daughter of a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in marriage, I peremptorily refused both the matches, and rashly vowed to live and die with the lovely Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents remonstrate to me, that the tradition of her being descended from the Gods was too poor a portion for one of my narrow fortune; that except her fine green-house and garden, she had not one foot of land; and though she should gain the lawsuit about the summit of Parnassus, (which yet had many pretenders to it) that the air was so bleak there, and the ground so barren, that it would certainly starve the possessor. I fear my obstinacy in this particular broke my mother's heart, who died a short time after, and was soon followed by my father.

'I now found myself at liberty, and notwithstanding the opposition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was known to the whole country, and all who saw, extolled the beauty of my mistress, and pronounced me happy, in the possession of so many charms. We lived in great splendor and gaiety, I being persuaded that high living was necessary to keep up my reputation, and the beauty of my mistress; from whom I had daily expectations given me of a post in the government, or some lavish present

from the great men of our commonwealth. I was so proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to see her, and was a little tiresome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her several beauties. She herself had a most exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies to ask their opinions of her dress; which if they disapproved in any particular, she called them a pack of envious insipid things, and ridiculed them in all companies. She had a delicate set of teeth, which appeared most to advantage when she was angry; and therefore she was very often in a passion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living soul to befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me for being a slave to such a proud minx, such a conceited hussy.

'I loved her passionately, and exclaimed against a blind and injudicious world. Besides I had several children by her, and was likely still to have more; for I always thought the youngest the most beautiful. I must not forget that a certain great lord offered me a considerable sum in my necessity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with disdain. In order to support her family and vanities, she carried me to Athens; where she put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes she drest me in an antique robe, and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a blustering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes she made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a sort of madness which the Athenians call the Pindarism. At another time she put a sheephook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia.

When these projects failed, she gave out, with great success, that I was an old astrologer *; after that a dumb man †; and last of all she made me pass for a lion ‡.

'It may seem strange, that, after so tedious a slavery, I should ever get my freedom. But so it happened, that during the three last transformations, I grew acquainted with the lady Sophia, whose superior charms cooled my passion for Polyhymnia; insomuch that some envious dull fellows gave it out, my mistress had jilted and left me. But the slanders of my enemies were silenced by my public espousal of Sophia; who, with a greatness of soul, void of all jealousy, hath taken Polyhymnia for her woman, and is dressed by her every day.'

Nº 142. MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1713.

——— *Pacis mala; sævior armis*
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur—

JUV. Sat. vi. 291.

———Th' inveterate ills of peace,
And wasteful riot; whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd——

DRYDEN.

BEING obliged, at present, to attend a particular affair of my own §, I do empower my printer to

* Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. an astrologer in the Tatler.
† A dumb man in the Spectator.
‡ A lion in the Guardian.
§ The particular affair alluded to here was probably Steele's election as M. P. for Stockbridge.

look into the arcana of the lion, and select out of them such as may be of public utility; and Mr. Button is hereby authorised and commanded to give my said printer free ingress and egress to the lion, without any hindrance, let, or molestation whatsoever, until such time as he shall receive orders to the contrary. And for so doing this shall be his warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

'By virtue of the foregoing order, the lion has been carefully examined, and the two following papers being found upon him, are thought very proper for public use.'

'*Given in at the lion's mouth at six of the clock in the morning.*

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I CAME very early this morning to rouse your lion, thinking it the properest time to offer him trash when his stomach was empty and sharp set; and being informed too that he is so very modest, as to be shy of swallowing any thing before much company, and not without some other politic views, the principal of which was, that his digestion being then the most keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this raw piece from several of its crudities, and so make it proper food for his master; for as great princes keep their taster, so I perceive you keep your digester, having an appetite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If a fellow-feeling and similitude of employment are any motives to engage your attention, I may for once promise myself a favourable hearing. By the account you have given us of the Sparkler, and your other

female wards, I am pretty confident you cannot be a stranger to the many great difficulties there are in weaning a young lady's inclination from a frolic which she is fully bent upon. I am a guardian to a young heiress, whose conduct I am more than ordinary solicitous to keep steady in the slippery age we live in. I must confess miss hath hitherto been very tractable and toward, considering she is an heiress, and now upon the brink of fifteen: but here of late Tom Whirligig has so turned her head with the gallantries of a late masquerade (which no doubt Tom, according to his usual vivacity, set forth in all its gayest colours), that the young creature has been perfectly giddy ever since, and so set agog with the thoughts of it, that I am teased to death by her importuning me to let her go to the next. In the mean time, I have surprised her more than once or twice very busy in pulling all her clothes to pieces, in order to make up a strange dress, and with much ado have reprieved them from her merciless scissars. Now you must understand, old Iron, I am very loth to trust her all alone into such an ocean of temptations. I have made use of all manner of dissuasives to her, and have sufficiently demonstrated to her, that the devil first addressed himself to Eve in a mask, and that we owe the loss of our first happy state to a masquerade, which that sly intriguer made in the garden, where he seduced her; but she does not at all regard this; the passion of curiosity is as predominant in her as ever it was in her predecessor. Therefore I appeal, sage Nestor, to your experienced age, whether these nocturnal assemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a loose turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in disguise takes away the usual checks and restraints of modesty;

and consequently the beaux do not blush to talk wantonly, nor the belles to listen; the one as greedily sucks in the poison, as the other industriously infuses it; and I am apt to think too, that the ladies might possibly forget their own selves in such strange dresses, and do that in a personated character which may stain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herself in the innocent freedom of a green gown; and a shepherdess, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a shepherd on a mossy-bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be so far lost in the pleasing thoughts of her new romantic attire, and Damon's soft endearing language, as never once to reflect who she is, until the romance is completed. Besides, do but consider, dear Nestor, when a young lady's spirits are fermented with sparkling champaign, her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gaiety of every thing about her, her soul melted away by the soft airs of music, and the gentle powers of motion; in a word, the whole woman dissolved in a luxury of pleasure; I say, in such critical circumstances, in such unguarded moments, how easy is it for a young thing to be led aside by her stars. Therefore, good Mr. Ironside, set your lion a roaring against these dangerous assemblies: I can assure you, one good loud roar will be sufficient to deter my ward from them, for she is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always used from her childhood to be frightened into good behaviour. And it may prove too some benefit to yourself in the management of your own females, who, if they are not already, I do not at all question, but they will be very shortly gadding after these midnight gambols. Therefore, to promote your own peace and quietness, as well as mine, and the safety of

all young virgins, pray order your lion to exert his loudest notes against masquerades; I am sure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of

Your faithful friend and companion,

OLD RUSTISIDES.'

' MOST WORTHY SIR,

' BEING informed that the Eveites daily increase, and that fig-leaves are shortly coming into fashion; I have hired me a piece of ground and planted it with fig-trees, the soil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good sir, you will so far encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all sorts and sizes, of a delicate texture, and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully scolloped at the extremities, and most curiously wrought with variety of slender fibres, ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have some very cool ones for summer, so transparently thin, that you may see through them, and others of a thicker substance for winter; I have likewise some very small ones of a particular species for little misses. So that I do not question but to give general satisfaction to all ladies whatsoever, that please to repair to me at the sign of the Adam and Eve, near Cupid's gardens. If you will favour me with the insertion of this in your Guardian, I will make your favourite, the Sparkler, a present of some of the choicest fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the primitiæ of my new garden; and if you bring me a great many customers for

my leaves, I promise you my figs shall be at your service.

I am, worthy Sir,
Your worship's most obedient
humble servant,
ANTHONY EVER-GREEN.

'N. B. I am now rearing up a set of fine furbelowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding proper for old women, and superannuated maids; those plants having two excellent good properties; the one, that they flourish best in dry ground; the other, that being clothed with several integuments of downy surfaces, they are exceeding warm and cherishing.'

N° 143. TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1713.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quàm ferus, et verè ferreus ille fuit!
TIBUL. 1 Eleg. x. 1.

Who first, with skill inhuman, did produce,
And teach mankind, the sword's destructive use?
What sense of pity could the monster feel!
Himself relentless as the murd'rous Steel!

NOTWITHSTANDING the levity of the pun, which is in the second line of my motto, the subject I am going upon is of the most serious consequence, and concerns no less than the peace and quiet, and (for aught I know) the very life and safety, of

every inoffensive and well-disposed inhabitant of this city. Frequent complaints have been made to me, by men of discretion and sobriety, in most of the coffee-houses from St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is sprung up of late a very numerous race of young fellows about the town, who have the confidence to walk the streets, and come into all public places in open day light, with swords of such immoderate length, as strike terror into a great many of her majesty's good subjects. Besides this, half a dozen of this fraternity in a room or a narrow street, are as inconvenient as so many turn-stiles, because you can pass neither backward nor forward, until you have first put their weapons aside. When Jack Lizard made his first trip to town from the university, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the gentleman; this I soon perceived in the first visit he made me, when I remember, he came scraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of cold iron so irksomely long, that it banged against his calf and jarred upon his right heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the stairs. But his sister Annabella's raillery soon cured him of this aukward air, by telling him that his sword was only fit for going up stairs, or walking up hill, and that she shrewdly suspected he had stolen it out of the college kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this city; it is very remarkable, that these Brothers of the Blade began to appear upon the first suspension of arms; and that since the conclusion of the peace the order is very much increased, both as to the number of the men, and the size of their weapons. I am informed, that these men of preposterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound

peace, and dare to look terrible amongst their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themselves into a society, under the name of the Terrible club; and that they entertain hopes of getting the great armory-hall in the tower for their club-room. Upon this I have made it my business to inquire more particularly into the cabals of these Hectors; and by the help of my lion, I have got such informations as will enable me to countermine their designs, together with a copy of some fundamental articles drawn up by three of their ringleaders; the which it seems, are to be augmented and assented to by the rest of the gang, on the first of January next, (if not timely prevented) at a general meeting in the sword-cutlers hall. I shall at present (to let them see that they are not unobserved) content myself with publishing only the said articles.

Articles to be agreed upon by the members of the Terrible club.

Imprimis, That the club do meet at midnight in the great armory-hall in the tower, (if leave can be obtained) the first Monday in every month.

II. That the president be seated upon a drum at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a basket hilt sword, and a buff belt.

III. That the president be always obliged to provide, for the first and standing dish of the club, a pasty of bull beef, baked in a target made for that purpose.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets instead of knives.

V. That every member do sit to the table, and eat with his hat, his sword, and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy, and gun-powder.

VII. That a large mortar be made use of for a punch-bowl.

In all appearance it could be no other than a member of this club, who came last week to Button's, and sat over-against the lion with such a settled fierceness in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in sternness of looks. His stature was somewhat low; his motions quick and smart, and might be mistaken for startings and convulsions. He wore a broad stiff hat, cudgel-proof, with an edging three fingers deep, trussed up into the fierce trooper's cock. To this was added a dark wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was short, and rich in tarnished lace; his nostrils and his upper lip were all begrimed with snuff. At first I was in hopes the gentleman's friends took care not to intrust him with any weapon; until looking down, I could perceive a sword of a most unwarrantable size, that hung carelessly below his knee, with two large tassels at the hilt, that played about his ancles.

I must confess I cannot help shrewdly suspecting the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that the long sword, and the swaggering cock, are the ordinary disguises of a faint heart. These men while they think to impose terror upon others, do but render themselves contemptible; their very dress tells you that they are surrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbes's state of nature, and that they are never free from apprehensions. I dare say, if one were to look into the hearts of these champions, one

should find there a great tendency to go cased in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a stronger ridicule restrains them from it. A brave man scorns to wear any thing, that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his great glory is neither to fear, nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have seen a buffoon in an opera, whose excessive cowardice never failed to set the whole audience into a loud laughter: but the scene which seemed to divert them most, was that in which he came on with a sword that reached quite across the stage, and was put to flight by an adversary, whose stature was not above four foot high, and whose weapon was not three foot long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a king of Arabia, who shewing a rich sword, that had been presented to him, his courtiers unanimously gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too short; upon which the king's son said, that there was no weapon too short for a brave man, since there needed no more but to advance one step to make it long enough. To this I shall subjoin, by way of corollary, that there is no weapon long enough for a coward, who never thinks himself secure while he is within sight of his adversary's point. I would therefore advise these men of distant courage, as they tender their honour, to shorten their dimensions, and reduce their tilters to a more reputable, as well as a more portable size.

Nº 144. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1713.

Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio,
Colorque primus—— PHÆDR. Prol. v. ver. 7.

Every man has his peculiar way of thinking and acting.

It is a very just, and a common observation upon the natives of this island, that in their different degrees, and in their several professions and employments, they abound as much and perhaps more, in good sense than any people; and yet, at the same time there is scarce an Englishman of any life and spirit, that has not some odd cast of thought, some original humour that distinguishes him from his neighbour. Hence it is that our comedies are enriched with such a diversity of characters, as is not to be seen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the masquerades that have been lately given to the town (though they are diversions we are not accustomed to) the singularities of dress were carried much farther than is usual in foreign countries, where the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy, to those amusements. The very same measure of understanding, the very same accomplishments, the very same defects, shall, among us, appear under a quite different aspect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the English, as it would be to learn the Chinese

language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain this vein of humour so obvious in my countrymen, better than by comparing it to what the French call *Le goût du terroir* in wines, by which they mean the different flavour one and the same grape shall draw from the different soils in which it is planted. This national mark is visible among us in every rank and degree of men, from the persons of the first quality and politest sense, down to the rudest and most ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar cast of head and turn of wit, or some uncommon whim, as a characteristic that distinguishes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a small-coalman *, who from beginning with two plain notes, which made up his daily cry, has made himself master of the whole compass of the gamut, and has frequently concerts of music at his own house, for the entertainment of himself and his friends. There is a person of great hospitality, who lives in a plaistered cottage upon the road to Hampstead, and gets a superfluity of wealth, by accommodating holiday passengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, gingerbread, apples, pears, and other small refreshments of life; and on work-days takes the air in his chaise, and recreates himself with the elegant pleasures of the beau-monde. The shining men amongst our mob, dignified by the title of ringleaders, have an inexhaustible fund of archness and raillery; as likewise have our sailors and watermen. Our very street-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the schoolmen term them. The other day

* Mr. Thomas Breton.

a tattered wag followed me across the Mews with 'one farthing or half-penny, good your honour, do your honour; and I shall make bold to pray for you.'

Shakspeare (who was a great copier of nature) whenever he introduces any artisans or low characters into his plays, never fails to dash them strongly with some distinguishing stain of humour, as may be seen more remarkably in the scene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

Though this singularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us seem whimsical to strangers; yet it furnishes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourselves, and diversifies all our conversations with such a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his Essay upon Poetry, endeavours to account for the British humours in the following manner:

'This may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unequalness of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them, but are forced to disguise, and thereby may come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they are. We have more humour, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride to shew it. On the contrary, where the people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece. Where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples, as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation in small matters, as well as obedience in great: so that some nations look as if they were cast all in

one mould, or cut out all by one pattern, at least the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another. They seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions, and their lives. Besides all this, there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another, than any nation I know; but we are more unlike ourselves too, at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities, as well as many good.'

Ours is the only country, perhaps in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconstrained manner of living, that we owe in a great measure, the number of shining geniuses, which rise up amongst us from time to time, in the several arts and sciences, for the service and for the ornament of life. This frank and generous disposition in a people, will likewise never fail to keep up in their minds an aversion to slavery, and be, as it were, a standing bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continue, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, speaking and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much less to bear with the absurdities of popery, in exchange for an established and a reasonable faith.

Nº 145. THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1713.

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 122.

Scorning all judges and all law, but arms.
ROSCOMMON.

AMONGST the several challenges and letters which my paper of the twenty-fifth has brought upon me, there happens to be one, which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the archness of some wag, or the serious resentment of a coxcomb that vents his indignation with an insipid pertness. In either of these two lights I think it may divert my readers, for which reason I shall make no scruple to comply with the gentleman's request, and make his letter public.

'OLD TESTY, *Tilt-yard Coffee-house.*

'YOUR grey hairs for once shall be your protection, and this billet a fair warning to you for your audacious raillery upon the dignity of long swords. Look to it for the future; consider we Brothers of the Blade are men of a long reach: Think betimes,

"How many perils do environ
"The man that meddles with cold iron."

It has always been held dangerous to play with edge-tools. I grant you, we men of valour are but

aukward jesters; we know not how to repay the joke for joke; but then we always make up in point what we want in wit. He that shall rashly attempt to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need to have a heart of oak, as well as "Sides of Iron." Thus much for the present. In the mean time Bilbo * is the word, remember that, and tremble.

THO. SWAGGER.'

This jocose manner of bullying an old man, so long as it affords some entertainment to my friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However my witty antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thrust or two with him at the same weapons; and so let me tell Mr. Swagger, 'There is no catching old birds with chaff;' and that 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better.' 'Fore-warned, fore-armed.' Having dispatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the case of a person who is the very reverse of the former; the which he lays before me in the following epistle.

' WORTHY SIR,

' I AM the most unfortunate of men, if you do not speedily interpose with your authority in behalf of a gentleman, who by his own example, has for these six months endeavoured, at the peril of his life, to bring little swords into fashion, in hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means (winning them over inch by inch) to appear without any swords at all. It was my misfortune to call in at Tom's last night, a little fuddled, where I hap-

* Bilbo, a Spanish sword-blade from Bilboa in Spain.

pened only to point towards an odd fellow with a monstrous sword, that made a ring round him, as he turned upon his heel to speak to one or other in the room. Upon this peccadillo, the bloody-minded villain has sent me a challenge this morning. I tremble at the very thought of it, and am sick with the apprehension of seeing that weapon naked, which terrified me in the scabbard. The unconscionable ruffian desires in the most civil terms, he may have the honour of measuring swords with me. Alas! sir, mine is not (hilt and all) above a foot and a half. I take the liberty of inclosing it to you in my wig-box, and shall be eternally obliged to you, if upon sight of it, your compassion may be so far moved, as to occasion you to write a good word for me to my adversary, or to say any thing that may shame him into reason, and save at once the life and reputation of,

Sir, your most devoted slave,

TIMOTHY BODKIN.'

GOOD MR. BODKIN,

THE perusal of this paper will give you to understand, that your letter, together with the little implement you sent me in the wig-box, came safe to my hands. From the dimensions of it I perceive your courage lies in a narrow compass. Suppose you should send this bravo the fellow to it, and desire him to meet you in a closet, letting him know at the same time, that you fight all your duels under lock and key, for the sake of privacy. But if this proposal seems a little too rash, I shall send my servant with your sword to the person offended, and give him instructions to tell him you are a little purblind, and dare not for that reason trust to a longer weapon, and that an inch in his

body will do your business as well as an ell. Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiously, my servant shall let him know, as from me, that he should meddle with his match; and that alone, if he be a man of honour, will make him reflect; if otherwise, (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give yourself no farther unnecessary fears; but rely upon the truth of my remarks upon the Terribles. I have bethought myself of one expedient more for you, which seems to be the most likely to succeed. Send your own servant to wait upon the gentleman: let him carry with him your sword, and a letter, in which you tell him, that admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity so gallant a cavalier should not be completely armed; for which reason you humbly request, that you may have the honour of presenting him with a dagger.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a letter last week from one of my female wards, who subscribes herself Teraminta. She seems to be a lady of great delicacy, by the concern she shows for the loss of a small covering, which the generality of the sex have laid aside. She is in pain, and full of those fears, which are natural in a state of virginity, lest any, the smallest part of her linen, should be in the possession of a man. In compliance therefore with her request, and to gratify her modesty so far as lies in my power, I have given orders to my printer to make room for her advertisement in this day's paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

' August 19. Whereas a modesty-piece was lost at the masquerade last Monday night, being the 17th instant, between the hours of twelve and one, the author of this paper gives notice, that if any person will put it into the hands of Mr. Daniel Button, to be returned to the owner, it shall by her be acknowledged as the last favour, and no questions asked.

' N. B. It is of no use but to the owner.'

Nº 146. FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1713.

Primus hominum leonem manu tractare ausus, et ostendere mansuefactum, Hanno è clarissimis Pœnorum traditur. PLIN.

Hanno, a noble Carthaginian, is reported to have been the first man who ventured to handle a lion, and bring him up tame.

THE generality of my readers, I find, are so well pleased with the story of the lion, in my paper of the twentieth instant, and with my friend's design of compiling a history of that noble species of animals; that a great many ingenious persons have promised me their assistance to bring in materials for the work, from all the storehouses of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a farther encouragement of the undertaking, a considerable number of virtuosi have offered, when my collection shall swell into a reason-

able bulk, to contribute very handsomely, by way of subscription, towards the printing of them in folio, on a large royal paper, curiously adorned with a variety of forests, desarts, rocks, and caves, and lions of all sorts and sizes upon copper-plates by the best hands. A rich old bachelor of Lion's-inn (who is zealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated) sends me word I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embellishing of the work; assuring me, at the same time, that he will set his clerk to search the records, and inquire into the antiquities of that house, that there may be no stone left unturned to make the book complete. Considering the volumes that have been written upon insects and reptiles, and the vast expence and pains some philosophers have been at to discover, by the help of glasses, their almost imperceptible qualities and perfections: it will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable, if the lion (whose majestic form lies open to the naked eye) should take up a first-rate folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, sends me the following letter, to be inserted in my commentaries upon lions.

'SIR,

'SINCE one of your correspondents has of late entertained the public with a very remarkable and ancient piece of history, in honour of the grandees of the forest; and since it is probable you may in time collect a great many curious records and amazing circumstances, which may contribute to make these animals respected over the face of the whole earth; I am not a little ambitious to have the glory of contributing somewhat

to so generous an undertaking. If you throw your work into the form of chronicle, I am in hopes I may furnish out a page in it towards the latter end of the volume, by a narration of a modern date, which I had in the year 1700, from the gentleman to whom it happened.

'About sixty years ago, when the plague råged at Naples, sir George Davis (consul there for the English nation) retired to Florence. It happened one day he went out of curiosity to see the great duke's lions. At the farther end, in one of the dens, lay a lion, which the keepers in three years time could not tame, with all the art and gentle usage imaginable. Sir George no sooner appeared at the grates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the marks of joy and transport he was capable of expressing. He reared himself up and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper affrighted, took him by the arm and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life by going so near the fiercest creature of that kind that ever entered those dens. However, nothing would satisfy Sir George, notwithstanding all that could be said to dissuade him, but he must go into the den to him. The very instant he entered, the lion threw his paws upon his shoulders, and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning, and full of joy, like a dog at the sight of his master. After several embraces and salutations exchanged on both sides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the stranger rung immediately through the whole city, and Sir George was very near passing for a saint among the people. The great duke, when he heard of it, sent for Sir George, who waited upon

his highness to the den, and to satisfy his curiosity, gave him the following account of what seemed so strange to the duke and his followers.

'A captain of a ship from Barbary gave me this lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him up tame; but when I thought him too large to be suffered to run about the house, I built a den for him in my court-yard; from that time he was never permitted to go loose, except when I brought him within doors to shew him to my friends. When he was five years old, in his gamesome tricks, he did some mischief by pawing and playing with people. Having griped a man one day a little too hard, I ordered him to be shot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might happen; upon this a friend who was then at dinner with me, begged him: how he came here I know not.

'Here sir George Davis ended; and thereupon the duke of Tuscany assured him, that he had the lion from that very friend of his.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

and constant reader, &c.'

Nº 147. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1713.

Bonum est, fugienda aspicere alieno in malo. PUBL. Syr.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

HAVING in my paper of the 21st of July *, shewed my dislike of the ridiculous custom of garnishing a new-married couple, and setting a gloss upon their persons which is to last no longer than the honey-moon; I think it may be much for the emolument of my disciples of both sexes, to make them sensible in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expences, and a more magnificent way of living immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be persons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all visits with so gay an equipage, and so glittering an appearance, as if they were making so many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and six, the gaudy liveries, the supernumerary train of servants, the great house, the sumptuous table, the services of plate, the embroidered clothes, the rich brocades, and the profusion of jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once, are so many symptoms of madness in the happy pair, and prognostications of their future misery.

* See No. 113.

I remember a country neighbour of my lady Lizard's, squire Wiseacre by name, who enjoyed a very clear estate of 500l. per annum, and by living frugally upon it was beforehand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs. Fanny Flippant, the then reigning toast in those parts. In a word, he married her, and to give a lasting proof of his affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable by setting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in less than the space of five years, was reduced to starve in prison for debt; and his lady, with a son and three daughters, became a burden to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight was the very reverse to squire Wiseacre's. He had lived a bachelor some years about this town, in the best of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, besides six saddle horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the saddle horses, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered clothes and laced linen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain drugget, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanliness and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance asked him the reason of this sudden change, he would answer, 'In single life I could easily compute my wants, and provide against them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand casualties, as well as a great many distant, but unavoidable expences. The happiness or misery, in this world, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. I shall never think I have

discharged my duty until I have laid up a provision for three or four children at least.' 'But, pr'ythee Frank,' says a pert coxcomb that stood by, 'why should'st thou reckon thy chickens before ——' upon which he cut him short, and replied, 'It is no matter; a brave man can never want heirs, while there is one man of worth living.' This precautious way of reasoning and acting has proved to Mr. Foresight and his lady an uninterrupted source of felicity. Wedlock sits light and easy upon them; and they are at present happy in two sons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some parts of Holland it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, shall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Every honest as well as every prudent man should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle expences, instead of following the extravagant practice of persons, who sacrifice every thing to their present vanity, and never are a day beforehand in thought. I know not what delight splendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world: I could never be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jigging it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expence of her children's future subsistence. How singular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her,

that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels; but before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. 'Sir,' replied Sophia, 'I thank for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: be pleased only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not,' continues she, 'at all fond of those expensive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution, to my happiness. I should be ashamed to appear in public for a few days in a dress which does not become me at all times. Besides, I see by that modest plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself affected with the gaiety of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my person clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others.' The gentleman, transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it; out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love; part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best deserving neighbours; and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself, or the children.

N° 148. MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1713.

——— *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* OVID. Met. iv. 428.

'Tis good to learn even from an enemy.

There is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpose: 'That there are few, if any books, out of which a man of learning may not extract something for his use.' I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookseller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yesterday when I came there, the Turkish Tales happened to lie in my way; upon opening that amusing author, I happened to dip upon a short tale, which gave me a great many serious reflections. The very same fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleasure, who it is probable, will read it with their usual levity; but since it may as probably divert and instruct a great many persons of plain and virtuous minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Christian, and is so very obvious, that I shall leave to every reader the pleasure of picking it out for himself. I shall only premise, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the holy scriptures.

The History of Santon Barsisa.

THERE was formerly a santon whose name was Barsisa, which for the space of an hundred years, very fervently applied himself to prayers; and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his residence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had such a great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him, when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the mean time the king was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his daughter; wherefore, one day, finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his opinion that the princess ought to be sent to the santon Barsisa.

All the beys applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the santon; who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus; 'O santon! don't let slip such a fortunate minute: tell the king's servants that it is requisite for the princess to pass this night in the grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow.'

How weak is man! the santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barsisa, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his daughter with him. 'I consent,' said he, 'that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that head.'

When the officers had received the king's answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil presented himself to the santon, saying, 'Canst thou let slip so favourable an opportunity with so charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world, are too much prepossessed in your favour, to give any credit to such a report. You may do any thing unpunished, when armed by the great reputation for wisdom which you have acquired.' The unfortunate Barsisa was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than a thousand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accosts the devil: 'Oh wretch,' says he, 'it is thou which hast destroyed me! Thou hast encompassed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gained thy end.' 'Oh santon!' answered the devil, 'do not reproach me with the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayest repent: but what

is unhappy for thee is, that the princess is impregnated, and thy sin will become public. Thou wilt become the laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death.'

Barsisa, terrified by this discourse, says to the devil, 'What shall I do to prevent the publication of my shame?' 'To hinder the knowledge of your crime, you ought to commit a fresh one,' answered the devil. 'Kill the princess, bury her at the corner of the grotto, and when the king's messengers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the grotto very early in the morning. They will believe you, and search for her all over the city and country; and the king her father will be in great pain for her, but after several vain searches it will wear off.'

The hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this advice killed the princess, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him say. They made diligent inquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the devil told them that all their search for the princess was vain; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the santon, he told them the place where she was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized Barsisa, and found the princess's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpse, and carried that and the santon to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and assembling the doctors, he laid the santon's crime before them, and asked their advice how he should be punished.

All the doctors condemned him to death, upon which the king ordered him to be hanged. Accordingly, a gibbet was erected: the hermit went up the ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the devil whispered in his ear these words: 'O santon! if you will worship me, I will extricate you out of this difficulty, and transport you two thousand leagues from hence, into a country where you shall be reverenced by men as much as you were before this adventure.' 'I am content,' says Barsisa; 'deliver me, and I will worship thee.' 'Give me first a sign of adoration,' replies the devil. Whereupon the santon bowed and said, 'I give myself to you.' The devil then raising his voice, said, 'O Barsisa, I am satified; I have obtained what I desired;' and with these words, spitting in his face, he disappeared; and the deluded santon was hanged.

Nº 149. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1713.

—— *Uratur vestis amore tuæ.* OVID.

Your very dress shall captivate his heart.

I HAVE in a former precaution endeavoured to shew the mechanism of an epic poem, and given the reader prescriptions whereby he may, without the scarce ingredient of a genius, compose the several parts of that great work. I shall now treat

of an affair of more general importance, and make dress the subject of the following paper.

Dress is grown of universal use in the conduct of life. Civilities and respect are only paid to appearance. It is a varnish that gives a lustre to every action, a *passe par tout* that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous.

There was formerly an absurd notion among the men of letters, that to establish themselves in the character of wits, it was absolutely necessary to shew a contempt of dress. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their conversation, took off the force of every expression, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they said. While the man of dress catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applause by way of compliment.

I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be discovered even in infancy. Little master will smile when you shake his plume of feathers before him, and thrust its little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; miss will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; she smacks her lips for a kiss at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frighted at the indecency of the housemaid's blue apron: as she grows up, the dress of her baby begins to be her care, and you will see a genteel fancy open itself in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of sketch of dress, if I may so call it, among us, which as the invention was foreign, is called a dishabille: every thing is thrown on with a loose and careless air; yet a genius discovers itself even through this negligence of dress, just as you may see the masterly hand of a painter in three or four swift strokes of the pencil.

The most fruitful in geniuses is the French nation; we owe most of our janty fashions now in vogue, to some adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the whole scope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every head dress undergoes a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in the same shape two days together; so that we may impute the scarcity of geniuses in our climate to the stagnation of fashions.

The ladies among us have a superior genius to the men; which have for some years past shot out in several exorbitant inventions for the greater consumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themselves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various scallop of the pocket, the ladies have sunk the head-dress, inclosed themselves in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat; furbelows and flounces have been disposed of at will, the stays have been lowered behind, for the better displaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the sleeve, and those other nice circumstances of dress upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleasure.

The sciences of poetry and dress have so near an alliance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may serve for the other.

As in a poem all the several parts of it must have a harmony with the whole: so to keep to the

propriety of dress, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches must be of the same piece.

As Aristotle obliges all dramatic writers to a strict observance of time, place, and action, in order to compose a just work of this kind of poetry; so it is absolutely necessary for a person that applies himself to the study of dress, to have a strict regard to these three particulars.

To begin with the time. What is more absurd than the velvet gown in summer? and what is more agreeable in the winter? The muff and fur are preposterous in June, which are charmingly supplied by the Turkey handkerchief and fan. Every thing must be suitable to the season, and there can be no propriety in dress without a strict regard to time.

You must have no less respect to place. What gives a lady a more easy air than the wrapping gown in the morning at the tea-table? The Bath countenances the men of dress in shewing themselves at the pump in their Indian night-gowns, without the least indecorum.

Action is what gives the spirit both to writing and dress. Nothing appears graceful without action; the head, the arms, the legs, must all conspire to give a habit a genteel air. What distinguishes the air of the court from that of the country but action? A lady, by the careless toss of her head, will shew a set of ribbons to advantage; by a pinch of snuff judiciously taken will display the glittering ornament of her little finger; by the new modelling her tucker, at one view present you with a fine turned hand, and a rising bosom. In order to be a proficient in action, I cannot sufficiently recommend the science of dancing: this will give the feet an easy gait, and the arms a gracefulness of motion. If a person have not a strict regard to

these three above-mentioned rules of antiquity, the richest dress will appear stiff and affected, and the most gay habit fantastical and taudry.

As different sorts of poetry require a different stile: the elegy, tender and mournful; the ode, gay and sprightly; the epic, sublime, &c. so must the widow confess her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conspicuous in the silver brocade; and the plume and the scarlet die is requisite to give the soldier a martial air. There is another kind of occasional dress in use among the ladies; I mean the riding habit, which some have not injudiciously styled the hermaphroditical, by reason of its masculine and feminine composition; but I shall rather choose to call it the Pindaric, as its first institution was at a Newmarket horse-race, and as it is a mixture of the sublimity of the epic with the easy softness of the ode.

There sometimes arises a great genius in dress, who cannot content himself with merely copying from others, but will, as he sees occasion, strike out into the long pocket, slashed sleeve, or something particular in the disposition of his lace, or the flourish of his embroidery. Such a person, like the masters of other sciences, will show that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are some pretenders to dress who shine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing-master of the lowest rank seldom fails of the scarlet stocking and the red heel; and shews a particular respect to the leg and foot, to which he owes his subsistence: when at the same time perhaps all the superior ornament of his body is neglected. We may say of these sort of dressers what Horace says of his patch-work poets,

'*Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus et alter,*
Assuitur pannus ——— ' ARS POET. ver. 15.

' ——— A few florid lines
Shine thro' th' insipid dulness of the rest.'
ROSCOMMON.

Others who lay the stress of beauty in their face, exert all their extravagance in the periwig, which is a kind of index of the mind; the full-bottom formally combed all before, denotes the lawyer and the politician; the smart tye-wig with the black ribbon shows a man of fierceness of temper; and that he burthens himself with a superfluity of white hair which flows down the back, and mantles in waving curls over the shoulders, is generally observed to be less curious in the furniture of the inward recesses of the scull, and lays himself open to the application of that censure which Milton applies to the fair sex,

' ——— of outward form
Elaborate, of inward less exact.'

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, so there is a constant succession of dress; the fringe succeeds the lace, the stays shorten or extend the waist, the ribbon undergoes divers variations, the head-dress receives frequent rises and falls every year; and in short, the whole woman throughout, as curious observers of dress have remarked, is changed from top to toe, in the period of five years. A poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, coin a word, so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion; but as Horace advises, that

all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the fountain of dress, as Greece was of literature.

Dress may bear a parallel to poetry with respect to moving the passions. The greatest motive to love, as daily experience shows us, is dress. I have known a lady at sight fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have seen the aukward appearance of her rural humble servant move her indignation; she is jealous every time her rival hath a new suit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has she often found in the seducing full-bottom! who can tell the resistless eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold snuff-box, and the amber-headed cane?

I shall conclude these criticisms with some general remarks upon the milliner, the mantua-maker, and the lady's woman, these being the three chief on which all the circumstances of dress depend.

The milliner must be thoroughly versed in physiognomy; in the choice of ribbons she must have a particular regard to the complexion, and must ever be mindful to cut the head-dress to the dimensions of the face. When she meets with a countenance of large diameter, she must draw the dress forward to the face, and let the lace incroach a little upon the cheek, which casts an agreeable shade, and takes off from its masculine figure: the little oval face requires the diminutive commode, just on the tip of the crown of the head:

she must have a regard to the several ages of women; the head-dress must give the mother a more sedate mien than the virgin; and age must not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the several stages of life, and as much propriety must be observed in the dress of the old, as the young.

The mantua-maker must be an expert anatomist; and must, if judiciously chosen, have a name of French termination; she must know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and must be able to mould the shape by the stays, so as to preserve the intestines, that while she corrects the body, she may not interfere with the pleasures of the palate.

The lady's woman must have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; as her dress, like the critic's learning, is at second hand, she must, like him, have a ready talent at censure, and her tongue must be deeply versed in detraction; she must be sure to asperse the characters of the ladies of most eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's spleen: and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the most fawning sycophants to their patrons, so must our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: she must add sprightliness to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulness to her step, by cherishing her pride; and make her show a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conquests. As a critic must stock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, she must be no less ready in the recital of all the beaus and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, she asserts, that the theory of any science is above the practice, and that it is not necessary to be able to set her own person off to

advantage, in order to be a judge of the dress of others; and besides all those qualifications, she must be endued with the gift of secrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profession.

By what I have said, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithstanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dress cannot be attained without a genius; and shall venture boldly to affirm, that in all arts and sciences whatever, epic poetry excepted, (of which I formerly shewed the knack or mechanism) a genius is absolutely necessary.

Nº 150. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1713.

—Nescio quâ dulcedine læti,
Progeniem nidosque fovent— VIRG. Georg. iv. 55.

——— with secret joy,
Their young succession all their cares employ.
DRYDEN.

I WENT the other day to visit Eliza, who in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A smiling boy was at the same time cares-

sing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came, she said with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader, what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plumbs or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future time? Or is it, because they think themselves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half forming and aiming at articulate sounds: if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness in human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it, to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should methinks create a more grateful tenderness in children toward their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story of tender friendships formed betwixt men who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into

Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which shall be related in his own words.

'I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me; and ordering me to be put into a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

'My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her hair and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my

misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

'I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole, whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

'They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German; which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day, I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent

upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it; but how great was my surprise! when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, "Are not these my children?" The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, "Ah, my dear child," said I, "yes, I am your father." I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively motions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite.'

N° 151. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1713.

Accipiat sanè mercedem sanguinis, et sic
Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem.
JUV. Sat. i. 42.

A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid;
With looks as wan, as he, who in the brake,
At unawares has trod upon a snake. DRYDEN.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

'OLD NESTOR,

'I BELIEVE you distance me not so much in years as in wisdom, and therefore since you have gained so deserved a reputation, I beg your assistance in correcting the manners of an untoward lad, who perhaps may listen to your admonitions, sooner than to all the severe checks, and grave reproofs of a father. Without any longer preamble, you must know, sir, that about two years ago, Jack, my eldest son and heir, was sent up to London, to be admitted of the Temple, not so much with a view of his studying the law, as a desire to improve his breeding. This was done out of complaisance to a cousin of his, an airy lady, who was continually teasing me, that the boy would shoot up into a mere country booby, if he did not see a little of the world. She herself was bred chiefly in town, and since she was married into the country, neither looks, nor talks, nor

dresses like any of her neighbours, and is grown the admiration of every one but her husband. The latter end of last month some important business called me up to town, and the first thing I did, the next morning about ten, was to pay a visit to my son at his chambers; but as I began to knock at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker in the stair-case, who told me her master seldom rose till about twelve, and about one I might be sure to find him drinking tea. I bid her somewhat hastily hold her prating, and open the door, which accordingly she did. The first thing I observed upon the table was the secret amours of ———, and by it stood a box of pills; on a chair lay a snuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor a pair of foils. Having seen this furniture I entered his bed-chamber, not without some noise; whereupon he began to swear at his bed-maker (as he thought) for disturbing him so soon, and was turning about for the other nap, when he discovered such a thin, pale, sickly visage, that had I not heard the voice, I should never have guessed him to have been my son. How different was this countenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which he had at parting with me from home! After I had waked him, he gave me to understand, that he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever, and the reason why he did not acquaint me with it, was, lest the melancholy news might have occasioned too many tears among his relations, and be an unsupportable grief to his mother. To be short with you, old Nestor, I hurried my young spark down into the country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, so as to be no disgrace to his pedigree; for I assure you it was never known in the memory of man, that any one of the family

of the Ringwoods ever fell into a consumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, who died a maid at 45. In order to bring him to himself, and to be one of us again, I make him go to bed at ten, and rise at half an hour past five; and when he is puling for bohea tea and cream, I place upon a table a jolly piece of cold roast beef, or well powdered ham, and bid him eat and live; then take him into the fields to observe the reapers, how the harvest goes forwards. There is nobody pleased with his present constitution but his gay cousin, who spirits him up, and tells him, he looks fair, and is grown well shaped; but the honest tenants shake their heads and cry, "Lack-a-day, how thin is poor young master fallen!" The other day, when I told him of it, he had the impudence to reply, "I hope, sir, you would not have me as fat as Mr. ——. Alas! what would then become of me? how would the ladies pish at such a great monstrous thing!"—If you are truly, what your title imports, a Guardian, pray, sir, be pleased to consider what a noble generation must in all probability ensue from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of mine not long ago, as we were complaining of the times, repeated two stanzas out of my lord Roscommon, which I think may here be applicable.

"'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides:
Made the proud Asian monarch feel,
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel;
Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal field.
But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or thro' hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound:

And after the declining sun
Had changed the shadows, and their task was done;
Home with their weary team, they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labours of the day."

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
JONATHAN RINGWOOD.

'P. S. I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in my son's anti-chamber, I found upon the table the following bill.

	£.	s.	d.
"Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ringwood, a plain muslin head and ruffles, with colbertine lace.	1	18	6
"Six pair of white kid gloves for madam Salley.	0	14	0
"Three handkerchiefs for madam Salley.		15	0

"In his chamber window I saw his shoe-maker's bill, with this remarkable article,

"For Mr. Ringwood three pair of laced shoes.	3	0	0

'And in the drawer of the table was the following billet.

"MR. RINGWOOD,

"I DESIRE, that because you are such a country booby, that you forget the use and care of your snuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray see my face no more.

Your abused friend,
SARAH GALLOP."

'Under these words my hopeful heir had writ, "Memorandum, to send her word I have found my box, though I know she has it."

N° 152. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1713.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
Exercemus ——— VIRG. Æn. iv. 99.

Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes, in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakspeare's style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing, which though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human passions are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman Spenser is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and if possible to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the Spirit of Spenser, and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The Two Sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The Males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the Females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their Auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the Male Auxiliaries was commanded by Fortitude; that of the Female by Beauty. Fortitude began the onset on Beauty, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength.

She played upon him so many smiles and glances that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short he was ready to call for quarter, had not Wisdom come to his aid: this was the commander of the Male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the Female Auxiliaries. Cunning was the chief engineer of the Fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of Wisdom. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal contest. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the Female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the Male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called Patience, and on the female side by a general known by the name of Scorn. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding. When on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a drawcansir *, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was Lust. On the Female side he was

* A character drawn in The Rehearsal.

opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of Modesty. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by Men, Honour, and by the Gods, Pride. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the Female army, fell in among the Males, where he made a more terrible havock than on the other side. He was here opposed by Reason, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspence for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against the common foe. And in order to it drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of Virtue, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was Love, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals that appeared in the field, was Hymen, who marched immediately after

Love, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. Love generally accompanied him, and recommended the Sexes, pair by pair, to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition and Avarice had taken on them the garb and habit of Love, by which means they often imposed on Hymen, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors. ☞.

Nº 153. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1713.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.

VIRG. Georg. iv. 3.

A mighty pomp, though made of little things.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, 'Pride was not made for man.' There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were he not a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred until such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell

the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them? Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps an hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all what we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he

would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole hill, in the shape of a cock sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our species, in the same

kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth: or in the language of an ingenious French poet; of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions. ☞.

Nº 154. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1713.

Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum.
VIRG. Georg. iv. 441.

All shapes, the most prodigious, they assume.

I QUESTION not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the late masquerade, as it will recall into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form hence some idea of this fashionable amusement.

‘TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

Per viam leonis.

‘SIR,

‘I COULD scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the Ambassador *, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness

* The duke D'Aumont, who gave masquerades at Somerset-house.

of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his masquerades, with the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities. The noise these diversions made, at last raised my curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addresses to, one of a sprightly humour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I drest myself in it, and acted before the looking glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part as most who had oftener frequented those diversions. You must understand I personated a devil, and that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better-bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception they are called familiars, I fancied I should in this character be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length, when the long-wished-for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned topsy-turvy, women changed into men, and men into women, children

in leading-strings seven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses. I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoses before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

> " ——— worse
> Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
> Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."
>
> MILTON.

'In the middle of the first room I met with one drest in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a Death's head at a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this dress would serve him another time. This walking coarse * was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up a like a steeple over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female quaker, to all outward appearance; but was surprised to hear her cry out, "D—n you, you son of a —!" upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a sudden resuming her character, "Verily," says she, "I was to blame; but thou hast bruised me sorely." A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a shepherdess for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but I

* Corpse.

was timely taken off by a presbyterian parson, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring-gardens to-morrow night. The next object I saw was a chimney-sweeper made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond in his mouth*, making love to a butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers. But what took up my attention most, was one drest in white feathers that represented a swan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair sex, and indeed was the most unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in a discoure with a running-footman; but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkish emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring me "to use him civilly, for that it was his master." I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman hung with little looking-glasses. She had a great many that followed her as she passed by me, but I would not have her value herself upon that account, since it was plain they did not follow so much to look upon her as to see themselves. The next I observed was a nun making an assignation with a heathen god; for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent-garden. I was by this time exceeding hot and thirsty; so that I made the best of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no sooner presented myself before the table, but a magician seeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour, until I recollected who I was; this however drew the eyes of the servants upon me,

* By which the mask was kept on.

and immediately procured me a glass of excellent Champaign. The magician said I was a spirit of an adust and dry constitution; and desired that I might have another refreshing glass: adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand and drank it off to the magician. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we danced a rigadoon together. I was here a little offended at a jackanapes of a scaramouch, that cried out, "Avaunt Satan;" and gave me a little tap on my left shoulder with the end of his lath sword. As I was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well-shaped person that stood at my left-hand, in the figure of a bellman, cried out with a suitable voice, "Past twelve o'clock." This put me in mind of bed-time. Accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively, and after having turned me about once or twice, asked me "whom I had been tempting?" I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me, and was still in greater disorder, upon hearing his voice. In short, I found after a little discourse with him, that his Indian majesty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by her unobserved. Her aukward manliness made me guess at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This masquerade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtship: for it inspired her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.

'How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reason

to hope the best, Leonora having assured me it was the first, and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an entertainment.

'And now, sir, having given you the history of this strange evening which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general, that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particular of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was present at the first * of these entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid. But in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumours, I shall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of these matters, and am, Sir, &c.

☞ LUCIFER.'

* The date of this diversion is here ascertained pretty nearly, and fixed at a few months antecedent to Sep. 7, 1713.

Nº 155. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1713.

—— *Libelli Stoici inter sericos*
Jacere pulvillos amant. HOR. Epod. viii. 15.

The books of stoics ever chose
On silken cushions to repose.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady Lizard, in the space of one summer furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the same time heard all doctor Tillotson's sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving

several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over The Plurality of Worlds *. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheesecake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have that natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours. Could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be a great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters, namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned, when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

* By M. Fontenelle.

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a stoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous she cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us

with a very remarkable instance of this kind * ; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperor Theodosius being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor, her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudosia; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the

* Madam Maintenon.

happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church, as the ornament of her sex. ☞.

N° 156. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1713.

— *Magni formica laboris;*
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,
Quem struit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
Non usquam prorepit, et illis utitur antè
Quæsitis sapiens— HOR. 1 Sat. i. 33.

As the small ant (for she instructs the man,
And preaches labour) gathers all she can,
And brings it to increase her heap at home,
Against the winter, which she knows will come:
But, when that comes, she creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feasts upon her store. CREECH.

In my last Saturday's paper I supposed a molehill inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural his-

tory of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaister, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the houses and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

'Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for the policy and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing

to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

'I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniencies. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day-time: which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time. It is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frighted the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is,

that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived that they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away, in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

'There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep, and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

'The corn, that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use to the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

'They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four of the clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, until the heat was over.

'If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

'As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together could not come out of an ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

'When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

'Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon. The sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

'I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret. There was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

'I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept,

and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains. They went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

'The window, upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man

who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground: but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backside upwards! None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to the nest, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home. When this happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

'I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains. When she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march. Such an unlucky accident would have vext a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws. She was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stopt; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws when they

are climbing up; they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to the nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: they do not require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it.' ☞.

Nº 157. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1713.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.
PROV. vi. 6.

It has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chace of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them. The preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle

man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

'In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success. The thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise, how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that

place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter. We read it in holy scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shews the contrary.

'I have said before, that there were three ants' nests in that box of parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; the corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger. It was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

'Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects. Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over their nest in the daytime, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost

every night. Above fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order. They removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, insomuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain. They laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaister one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ant's nests that were troubled with the rain. As for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

'M. de la Loubere says in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees. No ants' nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what that author says about those insects: you may see his relation.

'Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants' nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with

ants, much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ant's nest, and laid, as it were, the foundation of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it. They went away in less than two hours; which made me believe, that it was impossible to to make a fourth settlement in my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was much surprised to see the ants' nest which I had destroyed very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of

their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

'An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, and put her into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frighted some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole. Many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes chose rather to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry them in.

'They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary. They lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled

me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance how they lend and recover loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury: whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine all those things: and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves. Perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees. Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they turn them out and kill them. I observed that they punish those ants which probably had been wanting to their duty; nay, sometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner. Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants: they have nothing

of their own; a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock. It is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community; there is no distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

'I had almost forgot to tell you, sir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison for them; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury.' ☞.

N° 158. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1713.

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna;
Castigatque, auditque dolos; subigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 566.

These are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To the last hour of unrepenting death. DRYDEN.

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work, or asleep. In short their waking hours are wholly

taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaint, that 'the day hangs heavy on them,' that 'they do not know what to do with themselves,' that 'they are at a loss how to pass away their time,' with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled 'reasonable beings.' How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments? Who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse! In a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on the right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question,

namely, 'What they had been doing?' Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. 'Madam,' says he to the first of them, 'you have been upon the earth above fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while?' 'Doing!' says she, 'really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect.' After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. 'And you, madam,' says the judge, 'that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, and what have you been doing all this while?' 'I had a great deal of business on my hands,' says she, 'being taken up the first twelve years of my life, in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances.' 'Very well,' says he, 'you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her!' The next was a plain countrywoman. 'Well, mistress,' says Rhadamanthus, 'and what have you been doing?' 'Ant please your worship,' says she, 'I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country.' Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. 'And you, fair lady,' says he, 'what have you been doing these five and thirty years?' 'I

have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir,' says she. 'That is well,' said he; 'but what good have you been doing?' The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself at the bar, and being asked, what she had been doing? 'Truly,' says she, 'I lived three score and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts—that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with, from falling into the like errors and miscarriages.' 'Very well,' says Rhadamanthus, 'but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?' 'Why truly,' says she, 'I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own.' 'Madam,' says Rhadamanthus, 'be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you.' 'Old gentlewoman,' says he, 'I think you are fourscore. You have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world?' 'Ah, sir,' says she, 'I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end.' 'Madam,' says he, 'you will please to fol-

low your leader;' and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, 'I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it more wealthy than I found it.' Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar; and being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world, 'I have endeavoured,' says she, 'ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—' Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laugh-

ing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.' ☞.

Nº 159. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1713.

Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.

HOR. 1 Od. xxxv. 2.

Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place;
Or with a wond'rous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral. CREECH.

'SIR,

'HAVING read over your paper of Tuesday last, in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair sex, who have much time lying upon their hands, and among other motives make use of this, that several women, thus accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter of fact.

'About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which as they managed it was

scarce sufficient for their ordinary expences. Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work; but miss always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

'About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with disdain. Insomuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

'Mean while days and years went on, miss lived high, and learnt but little, most of her time being

employed in reading plays and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me; "Madam," said I, "are not you Mrs. Such-a-one?" At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant; but supposing her to be the first, "I am glad, madam," said I, "after having long inquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place." These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could

recover herself; but as soon as she was able to speak, "Sir," said she, "you are mistaken; I am but a servant." Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. "Alas, sir," said she, "my condition is much better than I deserve, I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me." To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter, whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or her husband's acquaintance, so they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or a companion, than like a servant.

'I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion, the usual pleasures of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have bursted, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

'About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

'DEAR SIR,

'I AM infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced to a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of shewing her the constant and sincere affection which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.

☞. Yours, R. T.'

N° 160. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1713.

Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis,
HOR. 2 Sat. i. ver. ult.

IMITATED.

My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.
POPE.

FROM writing the history of lions, I lately went off to that of ants; but to my great surprise, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it that my last Thursday and Friday's papers * are full of concealed satire, and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling, ever since that ingenious person the Examiner, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *expect*.

But I shall, for the future, leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning ants or pismires, are altoge-

* Nos. 157, 158.

ther groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either whig or tory; and I could wish, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by the members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE laid a wager with a friend of mine about the pigeons that used to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I say that by these pigeons you mean the Palatines. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the strings were pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

DAILY READERS.'

'OLD IRON,

'WHY so rusty? will you never leave your innuendoes? Do you think it hard to find out who is the tulip in your last Thursday's paper? Or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that the plainest reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished.

Your ants are enemies to rain, are they! Old Birmingham, no more of your ants, if you don't intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

WILL. WASP.'

'DEAR GUARDIAN,

'CALLING in yesterday at a coffee-house in the city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry man reading your paper about the ants. I observed that he reddened and swelled over every sentence of it. After having perused it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-house to him, and asked her in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in taking in such papers! The woman was in such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her behalf, and asked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import? "Sir," said he, "it is a republican paper from one end to the other, and if the author had his deserts"— He here grew so exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon the following sentence, and read it with a very stern voice—"Though ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurers: and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy: for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment." Then throwing the paper

upon the table—" Sir," says he, " these things are not to be suffered—I would engage out of this sentence to draw up an indictment that"—He here lost his voice a second time in the extremity of his rage; and the whole company, who were all of them tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

' This, sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your papers with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides that, it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different kinds of instinct as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in speculations of this nature, which, instead of inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous science to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of these worlds of wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not be acquainted with those objects which are every where before their eyes. To this I further might add, that several are of opinion, there is no other use in many.

of these creatures than to furnish matter of contemplation and wonder to those inhabitants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader,
and humble servant.'

After having presented my reader with this set of letters which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'As you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town what concerns the greatest good of life, health. I do assure you, sir, there is in a vault under the Exchange in Cornhill, over against Pope's-head-alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the seeds of good humour, cheerfulness, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no such thing as bribery in liquors; therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In the mean time please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself.

☞. I am, Sir, &c.'

Nº 161. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1713.

—*Incoctum generoso pectus honesto.* PERS. Sat. ii. 74.

A genuine virtue of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind. DRYDEN.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by good examples, or a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which pro-

duces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

> 'Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where she is not.
> It ought not to be sported with ——' CATO.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this

notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret, that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there are more hopes of a heretic

than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, 'are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;' whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue. ☞.

Nº162. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1713.

Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos hominum, et ad usus suos adjungere. CICERO.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the esteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I WAS the other day in company at my lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country squires that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is in short a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, 'If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty!' I endeavoured to divert the discourse;

when without taking notice of what I said, 'Mr. Ironside,' says he, 'you fill my cousins' heads with your fine notions, as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding?' I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic raillery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possest of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, sooths the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, ex-

pressions of contempt, and (what Shakspeare reckons among other evils under the sun)

> '——— The proud man's contumely,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,'

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance, as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, 'a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently.' I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

'Schacabac, being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time,

in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, "if I did not like it, you may be sure," says he, "I should not eat so heartily of it." "You oblige me mightily," replied the Barmecide, "pray let me help you to this leg of a goose." Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistacho nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, "here is a dish," says he, "that you will see at nobody's table but my own." Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, "which is like nothing," says he, "I ever eat before." Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a sweet-meat of his own invention. Schacabac at length being courteously reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. "Come then," says the Barmecide, "the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia." He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself

from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however being prest to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with his fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, "Sir," says he, "I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink." The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and, instead of being angry at him, "I find," says he, "thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest." Upon which calling for his supper, the rice soup, the goose, the pistacho lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines were served up successively, one after another; and Schacabac was feasted in reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.' ☞.

Nº 163. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1713.

——— *miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ.*
JUV. Sat. v. ver. 2.

How wretched he, by cruel fortune crost,
Who never dines, but at another's cost.

When I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the lion to be opened, and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded that no man of sense would treat him. Even the lawyer and the physician to a man of quality, expect to be used like gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, Doctor Hickes, and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be which should promote the good designs and interests of each

other most, and for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance in a great estate or title, that it qualifies a man for choosing out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received, from one of this order, is as follows.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'I HOPE you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

'I have had the honour many years of being chaplain in a noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

'Whilst my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly with "Prosperity to the church" in my mouth. I declare solemnly, sir, that I have heard nothing from all the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young lord was seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse

they went upon, but to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and shew all the actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, "I find by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private." I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at; since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with Christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dessert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I shall be invested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old lord's time, begin to brush very familiarly by me, and thrust aside my chair, when they set the sweet meats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible, that the Christian priesthood was never thought in any age or country to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant, G. W.'

'VENERABLE NESTOR,

'I WAS very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous sir Thomas More. It is inscribed to a friend of his who was then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that

occasion to overlook wealth and beauty, and if he desires a happy life, to join himself with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last head are as follow:

" Proculque stulta sit,
Parvis labellulis,
Semper loquacitas;
Proculque rusticum
Semper silentium.
Sit illa, vel modò
Instructa literis;
Vel talis, ut modò
Sit apta literis,
Felix quævis bene
Priscis ab omnibus
Possit libellulis
Vitam beantia
Haurire dogmata:
Armata cum quibus,
Nec illa prosperis
Superba turgeat;
Nec illa turbidis
Misella lugeat,
Prostrata casibus.
Jucunda sic erit
Semper nec unquam erit
Gravis, molestave
Vitæ comes tuæ;
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit, et tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quiescere:
Dum grata te fovet;
Manuque mobili
Dum plectra personat;
Et voce (quâ nec est,
Progne, sororculæ
Tuæ suavior)
Amœna cantillat,
Apollo quæ velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo
Docto tamen, dies
Noctesque ducere;
Notare verbula
Mellita, maximis
Non absque gratiis,
Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia:
Quibus coërceat,
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium;
Quibus levaverit,
Si quando deprimat
Te mœror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia,
Jam cum omnium gravi
Rerum Scientia.
Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei

Fuisse conjugem;
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curâsset improbo
Labore fœminam
Referre rusticam:
Talemque credimus
Nasonis inclytam,
Quæ vel patrem queat
Æquare carmine,
Fuisse filiam:
Talemque suspicor
(Quâ nulla charior
Unquam fuit patri,
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuisse Tulliam:
Talisque, quæ tulit
Gracchos duos, fuit;
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Instruxit artibus;
Nec profuit minus
Magistra, quam parens."

The sense of this elegant description is as follows.

'May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, not always prattling nonsense! May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even, chearful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from thesociety of men into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will sooth you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her dis-

course. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

'Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus; for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia as she is celebrated by the most learned and most fond of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their instructor, than their parent.' ☞.

N° 164. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1713.

— *simili frondescit virga metallo.*

VIRG. Æn. vi. 144.

The same rich metal glitters on the tree.

An eminent prelate of our church observes that 'there is no way of writing so proper, for the refining and polishing a language, as the translating of books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent skill of the one tongue, and is a master of the other. When a man writes his own thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quickness of his mind, carry him so much after the notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the aptness of words, and the justness of

figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them: but when a man translates he has none of these heats about him; and therefore the French took no ill method, when they intended to reform and beautify their language, in setting their best authors on work to translate the Greek and Latin authors into it.' Thus far this learned prelate.

And another lately deceased tells us, that 'the way of leaving verbal translations, and chiefly regarding the sense and genius of the author, was scarce heard of in England before this present age.'

As for the difficulty of translating well, every one I believe must allow my lord Roscommon to be in the right, when he says,

> 'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
> But good translation is no easy art:
> For tho' materials have long since been found,
> Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;
> And by improving what was writ before,
> Invention labours less, but judgment more.'

Dryden judiciously remarks, that 'a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself.' And a too close and servile imitation, which the same poet calls 'treading on the heels of an author,' is deservedly laughed at by sir John Denham; 'I conceive it,' says he, 'a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres.* Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith; but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but

poesy into poesy; and poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new spirit is not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at verbal translation, shall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it. For the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase.'

After this collection of authorities out of some of our greatest English writers, I shall present my readers with a translation, in which the author has conformed himself to the opinion of these great men. The beauty of the translation is sufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them that the translator is Mr. Eusden of Cambridge: who obliged them in the Guardian of August the 6th, with the Court of Venus out of the same Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the best judges in performances of this nature.

The speech of Pluto to Proserpine, from the second book of her Rape, by Claudian.

' Cease, cease, fair nymph, to lavish precious tears,
And discompose your soul with airy fears.
Look on Sicilia's glitt'ring courts with scorn;
A nobler sceptre shall that hand adorn.
Imperial pomp shall sooth a gen'rous pride;
The bridegroom never will disgrace the bride.
If you above terrestrial thrones aspire,
From Heaven I sprung, and Saturn was my sire.
The pow'r of Pluto stretches all around,
Uncircumscrib'd by Nature's utmost bound;

Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms decay,
Thro' the vast trackless void extends my sway.
Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
Nor tremble at this interval of night;
A fairer scene shall open to your view,
An earth more verdant, and a heaven more blue;
Another Phœbus gilds those happy skies,
And other stars, with purer flames, arise.
There chaste adorers shall their praises join,
And with the choicest gifts enrich your shrine.
The blissful climes no change of ages knew,
The golden first began, and still is new.
That golden age your world a while could boast,
But here it flourish'd and was never lost.
Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant bowers;
And painted meads smile with unbidden flowers;
Flow'rs of immortal bloom and various hue;
No rival sweets in your own Enna grew.
In the recess of a cool sylvan glade
A monarch-tree projects no vulgar shade.
Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
And golden apples to your reach descend.
Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
The yellow harvest will increase the more.
But I too long on trifling themes explain,
Nor speak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
Whole Nature owns your pow'r: Whate'er have birth,
And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;
Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns sleep,
Or sportive roll along the foamy deep;
Or on stiff pinions airy journeys take,
Or cut the floating stream or stagnant lake:
In vain they labour to preserve their breath,
And soon fall victims to your subject, Death.
Unnumber'd triumphs swift to you he brings,
Hail! goddess of all sublunary things!
Empires, that sink above, here rise again,
And worlds unpeopled crowd th' elysian plain.
The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the slave,
Know no superior honours in the grave.
Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs shall come,
And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
The impious, forc'd, shall then their crimes disclose,
And see past pleasures teem with future woes;

Deplore in darkness your impartial sway,
While spotless souls enjoy the fields of day.
When ripe for second birth, the dead shall stand
In shiv'ring throngs on the Lethean strand,
That Shade whom you approve shall first be brought
To quaff oblivion in the pleasing draught,
Whose thread of life, just spun, you would renew,
But nod, and Clotho shall rewind the clue.
Let no distrust of power your joys abate,
Speak what you wish, and what you speak is fate.
  The ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping Fair,
And check'd the fury of his steeds with care:
Possessed of Beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
And Love first soften'd the relentless god.'

Nº 165. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1713.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile——

HOR. 1 Ep. xix. 17.

Examples vice can imitate, deceive. CREECH.

It is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him; if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him; if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even

below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely and swearing after the father, and see the daughters either familiarized to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you will scarce know him from his lord.

He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualities does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times as a prodigy of science. His wife Theano wrote several books, and after his death taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shal only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom.

Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man? 'If it were her husband,' says she, 'the next day; if a stranger, never.' Pythagoras had by this wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnesarchus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of his daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Myia was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the Musæum. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher, under his character as the master of a family; that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and made an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Astræus and Zamolxes.

This single example sufficiently shews us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished, and which it is more easy to lament than to reform. ☞.

Nº 166. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1713.

—aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.

OVID. Met. ii. 332.

Some comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

ADDISON.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am chari-

table, to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathise with every one that I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over-against St. Clement's church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to sir William Petty's observations, all the necessities of life), leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry, to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell

why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burthens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expence, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open the letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows.

'SIR,

'AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.

Your humble servant to command,

THOMAS WHITE.

'I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.'

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed. ☞.

Nº 167. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1713.

Fata viam invenient— VIRG. Æn. iii. 395.

—Fate the way will find. DRYDEN.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner. 'Helim,' said he, 'I have long

admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive.' 'The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed,' said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received his children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the east. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balsora, for that was the name of the maid.

The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora, his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, 'Far be it,' says he, 'from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician.' The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her

father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black palace: which is the repository of all who are descended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black

palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken had lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blest, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first

day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished by the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth until such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black temple, on the spot which

they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was seated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possest with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new

king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chace, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, 'it is he! it is my Abdallah!' Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is there-

fore called the garden of Persia. This caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

☞.

N°168. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1713.

——— *loca jam recitata revolvimus* ———

HOR. 2. Ep. i. 223.

The same subject we repeat.

' SIR,

' I OBSERVE that many of your late papers have represented to us the characters of accomplished women; but among all of them I do not find a quotation which I expected to have seen in your works; I mean the character of the mistress of a family as it is drawn out at length in the book of Proverbs. For my part, considering it only as a human composition, I do not think that there is any character in Theophrastus, which has so many beautiful particulars in it, and which is drawn with such elegance of thought and phrase. I won-

der that it is not written in letters of gold in the great hall of every country gentleman.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchants ships, she bringeth her food from afar.

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her houshold, and a portion to her maidens.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

"She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her houshold, for all her houshold are clothed with scarlet.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

" She looketh well to the ways of her houshold, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

" Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

" Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

" Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

" Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.

Your humble servant."

' SIR,

' I VENTURED to your lion with the following lines, upon an assurance, that if you thought them not proper food for your beast, you would at least permit him to tear them.'

FROM ANACREON.

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε, &c.

" BEST and happiest artisan
Best of painters if you can
With your many coloured art
Paint the mistress of my heart;
Describe the charms you hear from me
(Her charms you could not paint and see),
And make the absent nymph appear,
As if her lovely self was here.
First draw her easy-flowing-hair
As soft and black as she is fair;
And, if your art can rise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly:
Beneath the shade of flowing jet
The iv'ry forehead smoothly set.
With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That the fair space, which lies between
The meeting shade, may scarce be seen.

The eye must be uncommon fire;
Sparkle, languish, and desire:
The flames unseen must yet be felt;
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The rosy cheek must seem to glow
Amidst the white of new fall'n snow.
Let her lips persuasion wear,
In silence elegantly fair;
As if the blushing rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be sure to deck
With every grace her polish'd neck;
While all that's pretty, soft and sweet,
In the swelling bosom meet.
The rest in purple garments veil;
Her body, not her shape conceal:
Enough, the lovely work is done,
The breathing paint will speak anon."

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'THE letter which I sent you some time ago, and was signed English Tory, has made, as you must have observed, a very great bustle in town. There are come out against me two pamphlets and two Examiners; but there are printed on my side a letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk, and a pamphlet about Dunkirk or Dover. I am no proper judge who has the better of the argument, the Examiner or myself: but I am sure my seconds are better than his. I have addressed a defence against the ill treatment I have received for my letter (which ought to have made every man in England my friend) to the bailiff of Stockbridge, because, as the world goes, I am to think myself very much obliged to that honest man, and esteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater

number than one and twenty, and returned me accordingly to serve for that borough.

'There are very many scurrilous things said against me, but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means swelling the volume to 1s. price. If I may be so free with myself, I might put you in mind upon this occasion of one of those animals which are famous for their love of mankind, that, when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, instead of flying at the person who threw it. Please to read the account of the channel, by the map at Will's, and you will find what I represent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to its situation, very just.

I am, Sir,

very often your great admirer,

RICHARD STEELE.'

N° 169. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1713.

Cœlumque tueri
Jussit — OVID. Met. i. 89.

And bade him lift to heaven his wond'ring eyes.

In fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature; I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in

which the sun, moon, and stars, and fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gilding and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to sit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own! 'Ay, but,' says some illiterate fellow, 'I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it.'

Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleased with the same entertainment, presented a hundred years successively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a question started the other night, viz. Whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? My opinion was that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniencies, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and

that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For (as an ancient author somewhere expresses it) when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the returning faces of several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images; the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is in this life, filled with a confused idea of the next.

Death, considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another. If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the Deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy.

But what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things? View him in that part of life, when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his

present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character so hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The free-thinkers make it their business to introduce doubts, perplexities, and despair, into the minds of men, and, according to the poet's rule, are most justly punished by their own schemes.

Nº 170. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1713.

—— *Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.*

VIRG. Æn. ii. 49.

I fear your Greeks, with presents in their hands.

London, Sept. 22.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'THE plan laid down in your first paper gives me a title and authority to apply to you in behalf of the trading world. According to the general scheme you proposed in your said first paper, you have not professed only to entertain men of wit and polite taste, but also to be useful to the trader and artificer. You cannot do your country greater service than by informing all ranks of men amongst us, that the greatest benefactor to

them all is the merchant. The merchant advances the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and supplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave to say, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits, can put together so useful and commodious a treatise for the welfare of your fellow-subjects as that which an eminent merchant of this city has lately written. It is called, General Maxims of Trade, particularly applied to the Commerce between Great Britain and France. I have made an extract of it, so as to bring it within the compass of your paper, which take as follows.

'I. That trade which exports manufactures made of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good; such is the sending abroad our Yorkshire cloth, Colchester bays, Exeter serges, Norwich stuffs, &c. Which being made purely of British wool, as much as those exports amount to, so much is the clear gain of the nation.

'II. That trade which helps off the consumption of our superfluities, is also visibly advantageous; as the exporting of allum, copperas, leather, tin, lead, coals, &c. So much as the exported superfluities amount unto, so much also is the clear national profit.

'III. The importing of foreign materials to be manufactured at home, especially when the goods, after they are manufactured, are mostly sent abroad, is also, without dispute, very beneficial; as for instance, Spanish wool, which for that reason is exempted from paying any duties.

'IV. The importation of foreign materials, to be manufactured here, although the manufactured goods are chiefly consumed by us, may be also beneficial; especially when the said materials are procured in exchange for our commodities; as

raw silk, grogram-yarn, and other goods brought from Turkey.

'V. Foreign materials, wrought up here into such goods as would otherwise be imported ready manufactured, is a means of saving money to the nation: such is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw silk; it is therefore to be wondered at, that these commodities are not exempt from all duties, as well as Spanish wool.

'VI. A trade may be called good which exchanges manufactures for manufactures, and commodities for commodities. Germany takes as much in value of our woollen and other goods, as we do of their linen: by this means numbers of people are employed on both sides, to their mutual advantage.

'VII. An importation of commodities, bought partly for money and partly for goods, may be of national advantage; if the greatest part of the commodities thus imported, are again exported, as in the case of East India goods, and generally all imports of goods which are re-exported, are beneficial to a nation.

'VIII. The carrying of goods from one foreign country to another, is a profitable article in trade. Our ships are often thus employed between Portugal, Italy, and the Levant, and sometimes in the East Indies.

'IX. When there is a necessity to import goods which a nation cannot be without, although such goods are chiefly purchased with money, it cannot be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway and other parts, from whence are imported naval stores, and materials for building.

'But a trade is disadvantageous to a nation;

'1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and pleasure, which are intirely, or for the most part, consumed among us; and such I reckon the wine trade to be, especially when the wine is purchased with money, and not in exchange for our commodities.

'2. Much worse is that trade which brings in a commodity that is not only consumed amongst us, but hinders the consumption of the like quantity of ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hinders the spending of our extracts of malt and molasses; therefore very prudently charged with excessive duties.

'3. That trade is eminently bad, which supplies the same goods as we manufacture ourselves, especially if we can make enough for our consumption: and I take this to be the case of the silk manufacture; which, with great labour and industry, is brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and other places.

'The importation upon easy terms of such manufactures as are already introduced in a country, must be of bad consequence, and check their progress; as it would undoubtedly be the case of the linen and paper manufactures in Great Britain (which are of late very much improved) if those commodities were suffered to be brought in without paying very high duties.

'Let us now judge of our trade with France by the foregoing maxims.

'I. The exportation of our woollen goods to France, is so well barred against, that there is not the least hope of reaping any benefit by this article. They have their work done for half the price we pay for ours. And since they send great quantities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Por-

tugal, Turkey, the Rhine, and other places, although they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demonstration, that they have more than is sufficient for their own wear, and consequently no great occasion for any of ours. The French cannot but be so sensible of the advantage they have over us in point of cheapness, that I do not doubt they will give us leave to import into France not only woollen goods, but all other commodities whatsoever upon very easy duties, provided we permit them to import into Great Britain wines, brandies, silks, linen, and paper, upon paying the same duties as others do. And when that is done, you will send little more to France than now you do, and they will import into Great Britain, ten times more than they now can.

'II. As to our superfluities, it must be owned the French have occasion for some of them, as lead, tin, leather, copperas, coals, allum, and several other things of small value, as also some few of our plantation commodities; but these goods they will have whether we take any of theirs or no, because they want them. All these commodities together that the French want from us, may amount to about 200,000l. yearly.

'III. As to materials; I do not know of any one sort useful to us that ever was imported from France into England. They have indeed hemp, flax, and wool in abundance, and some raw silk; but they are too wise to let us have any, especially as long as they entertain any hopes we shall be so self-denying, as to take those materials from them after they are manufactured.

'IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities (if for the like value on both sides) might be beneficial; but it is far from being the case between us

and France. Our ships went constantly in ballast (except now and then some lead) to St. Malo, Morlaix, Nantes, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, &c. and ever came back full of linen, wines, brandy, and paper; and if it was so before the revolutior when one of our pounds sterling cost the Frenc but thirteen livres, what are they like to take fror us (except what they of necessity want) now tha for each pound sterling they must pay us twent livres, which enhances the price of all British com modities to the French above fifty per cent.

'V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is cer tainly a national advantage; but few or no Frencl goods are ever exported from Great Britain, excep to our plantations, but all are consumed at home therefore no benefit can be reaped this way by th French trade.

'VI. Letting ships to freight cannot but be o some profit to a nation: but it is very rare if th French ever make use of any other ships than thei own; they victual and man cheaper than we therefore nothing is to be got from them by thi article.

'VII. Things that are of absolute necessity cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; bu France produces nothing that is necessary, or even convenient, or but which we had better be without, except claret.

'VIII. If the importation of commodities o mere luxury, to be consumed amongst us, be a sensible disadvantage, the French trade, in this particular, might be highly pernicious to this nation; for if the duties on French wines be lowered to a considerable degree, the least we can suppose would be imported into England and Scotland is 18,000 tons a year, which being most clarets,

at a moderate computation would cost in France 44,000l.

'IX. As to brandy; since we have laid high duties upon it, the distilling of spirits from malt and molasses is much improved and increased, by means of which a good sum of money is yearly saved to the nation; for very little brandy hath been imported either from Italy, Portugal, or Spain, by reason that our English spirits are near as good as those countries' brandies. But as French brandy is esteemed, and is indeed very good, if the extraordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. We will suppose only 3000 tons a year, which will cost Great Britain 70,000l. yearly, and prejudice besides the extracts of our own malt spirits.

'X. Linen is an article of more consequence than many people are aware of: Ireland, Scotland, and several counties in England, have made large steps towards the improvement of that useful manufacture, both in quantity and quality; and with good encouragement would doubtless, in a few years, bring it to perfection, and perhaps make sufficient for our own consumption; which besides employing great numbers of people, and improving many acres of land, would save us a good sum of money, which is yearly laid out abroad in that commodity. As the case stands at present, it improves daily; but if the duties on French linen be reduced, it is to be feared it will come over so cheap, that our looms must be laid aside, and 6 or 700,000l. a year be sent over to France for that commodity.

'XI. The manufacture of paper is very near akin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid on foreign paper, and that none hath been imported

from France, where it is cheapest, the making of it is increased to such a degree in England, that we import none of the lower sorts from abroad, and make them all ourselves; but if the French duties be taken off, undoubtedly most of the mills which are employed in the making of white paper, must leave off their work, and 30 or 40,000l. a year be remitted over to France for that commodity.

'XII. The last article concerns the silk manufacture. Since the late French wars, it is increased to a mighty degree. Spitalfields alone manufactures to the value of two millions a year, and were daily improving, 'till the late fears about lowering the French duties. What pity! that so noble a manufacture, so extensive and so beneficial to an infinite number of people, should run the hazard of being ruined! It is however to be feared, that if the French can import their wrought silks upon easy terms, they outdo us so much in cheapness of labour, and they have Italian and Levant raw silk upon so much easier terms than we, besides great quantities of their own in Provence, Languedoc, and other provinces, that in all probability half the looms in Spitalfields would be laid down, and our ladies be again clothed in French silks. The loss that would accrue to the nation by so great a mischief, cannot be valued at less than 500,000l. a year.

'To sum up all, if we pay to France yearly

For their wines - - -	£. 450,000
For their brandies - - -	70,000
For their linen - - -	600,000
For their paper - - -	30,000
For their silks - - -	500,000
	£. 1,650,000

'And they take from us in lead, tin, leather, allum, copperas, coals, horn plates, &c. and plantation goods to the value of	200,000
'Great Britain loses by the balance of that trade yearly	1,450,000

"All which is humbly submitted to your consideration by,

Sir, your most humble servant,
GENEROSITY THRIFT.'

ADVERTISEMENT,

For the Protection of Honour, Truth, Virtue, and Innocence.

"Mr. Ironside has ordered his amanuensis to prepare for his perusal whatever he may have gathered, from his table-talk, or otherwise, a volume to be printed in twelves, called, The Art of Defamation discovered. This piece is to consist of the true characters of all persons calumniated by the Examiner; and after such characters, the true and only method of sullying them set forth in examples from the ingenious and artificial author, the said Examiner.

"N. B. To this will be added the true characters of persons he has commended, with observations to shew, that panegyric is not that author's talent."

Nº 171. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1713.

Fuit ista quondam in hâc republicâ virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus suppliciis civem perniciosum, quàm acerbissimum hostem coercerent.

CICER. in Catilin.

There was once that virtue in this commonwealth, that a bad fellow-citizen was thought to deserve a severer correction than the bitterest enemy.

I HAVE received letters of congratulation and thanks from several of the most eminent chocolate-houses and coffee-houses, upon my late gallantry and success in opposing myself to the long-swords. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his customers can saunter up and down from corner to corner, and table to table, without any let or molestation. I find I have likewise cleared a great many alleys and by-lanes, made the public walks about town more spacious, and all the passages about the court and the Exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have sent me the kindest billets upon this occasion, in which they tell me, that I have saved them some pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces, and hoops, from the annoyance both of hilt and point. A scout whom I sent abroad to observe the posture, and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word, that the Terrible club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that seemed to delight in arms.

My lion, whose jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous weapons still in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houses, and some of the obscure retreats of lovers in and about Drury-lane and Covent-garden. I am highly delighted with an adventure that befel my witty antagonist Tom Swagger, captain of the band of long-swords. He had the misfortune three days ago to fall into company with a master of the noble science of defence, who taking Mr. Swagger by his habit, his mien, and the airs he gave himself, to be one of the profession, gave him a fair invitation to Marrow-bone, to exercise at the usual weapons. The captain thought this so foul a disgrace to a gentleman, that he slunk away in the greatest confusion, and has never been seen since at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, nor in any of his usual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant and every animal, though never so noisome has its use in the creation; so these men of terror may be disposed of, so as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view, that I received a visit last night from a person, who pretends to be employed here from several foreign princes in negotiating matters of less importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have in a manner quite drained the Cantons of Swisserland of their supernumerary subjects, and that he foresees there will be a great scarcity of them to serve at the entrance of courts, and in the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very seasonably be supplied out of the great numbers of such gentlemen, as I have given notice of in my paper of the 25th past, and that his design is in a few weeks, when the town fills, to put out public

advertisements to this effect, not questioning but it may turn to a good account: 'that if any persons of good stature and fierce demeanor, as well members of the Terrible club, as others of the like exterior ferocity, whose ambition is to cock and look big, without exposing themselves to any bodily danger, will repair to his lodgings; they shall, provided they bring their swords with them, be furnished with shoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers, and halberts, and be transported without further trouble into several courts and families of distinction, where they may eat and drink, and strut at free cost.' As this project was not communicated to me for a secret, I thought it might be for the service of the abovesaid persons to divulge it with all convenient speed; that those who are disposed to employ their talents to the best advantage, and to shine in the station of life for which they seem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper lip, by raising a quick set beard there in the form of whiskers, that they may pass to all intents and purposes for true Swissers.

'INDEFATIGABLE NESTOR,

'GIVE me leave to thank you, in behalf of myself and my whole family, for the daily diversion and improvement we receive from your labours. At the same time I must acquaint you, that we have all of us taken a mighty liking to your lion. His roarings are the joy of my heart, and I have a little boy, not three years old, that talks of nothing else, and who, I hope, will be more afraid of him as he grows up. That your animal may be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of prey; I shall, out of my esteem and affection for you,

contribute what I can towards his sustenance; "Love me, love my lion," says the proverb. I will not pretend, at any time, to furnish out a full meal for him; but I shall now and then send him a savoury morsel, a tid bit. You must know, I am but a kind of holiday writer, and never could find in my heart to set my pen to a work of above five or six periods long. My friends tell me my performances are little and pretty. As they have no manner of connection one with another, I write them upon loose pieces of paper, and throw them into a drawer by themselves; this drawer I call the lion's pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing into it but what is clean and wholesome *nourriture.* Therefore pray remember me to the lion, and let him know, that I shall always pick and cull the pantry for him; and there are morsels in it, I can assure you, will make his chaps to water.

I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,

your most obedient servant,

and most assiduous reader.'

I must ask pardon of Mrs. Dorothy Care, that I have suffered her billet to lie by me these three weeks without taking the least notice of it. But I believe the kind warning in it, to our sex, will not be now too late.

'GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE waited with impatience for that same unicorn, you promised should be erected for the fair sex. My business is, before winter comes on, to desire you would precaution your own sex against being Adamites, by exposing their bare breasts to the rigour of the season. It was this practice amongst the fellows, which at first encou-

raged our sex to shew so much of their necks. The downy dock-leaves you speak of would make good stomachers for the beaus. In a word, good Nestor, so long as the men take a pride in shewing their hairy skins, we may with a much better grace set out our snowy chests to view. We are, we own, the weaker, but at the same time you must own, much the more beautiful sex.

I am, Sir,
your humble reader,
DOROTHY CARE.'

Nº 172. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1713.

—*Vitam excoluere per artes.* VIRG. Æn. vi. 663.

They grac'd their age with new invented arts.
DRYDEN.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE been a long time in expectation of something from you on the subject of speech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained, on that subject, as with any thing that ever came into the lion's mouth. For this end I send you the following sketch; and am, yours,

PHILOGRAM.'

'Upon taking a view of the several species of living creatures our earth is stocked with, we may easily observe, that the lower orders of them, such as insects and fishes, are wholly without a power

of making known their wants and calamities. Others, which are conversant with man, have some few ways of expressing the pleasure and pain they undergo by certain sounds and gestures; but man has articulate sounds whereby to make known his inward sentiments and affections, though his organs of speech are no other than what he has in common with many other less perfect animals. But the use of letters, as significative of these sounds, is such an additional improvement to them, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention of them to the assistance of a power more than human.

'There is this great difficulty which could not but attend the first invention of letters, to wit, that all the world must conspire in affixing steadily the same signs to their sounds, which affixing was at first as arbitrary as possible; there being no more connection between the letters and the sounds they are expressive of, than there is between those sounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately stand for. Notwithstanding which difficulty, and the variety of languages; the powers of the letters in each are very nearly the same, being in all places about twenty-four.

'But be the difficulty of the invention as it will, the use of it is manifest, particularly in the advantage it has above the method of conveying our thoughts by words or sounds, because this way we are confined to narrow limits of place and time: whereas we may have occasion to correspond with a friend at a distance; or desire, upon a particular occasion, to take the opinion of an honest gentleman who has been dead this * thousand years.

* These thousand years.

Both which defects are supplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means * we materialize our ideas, and make them as lasting as the ink and paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts by art visible to the eye, which nature had made intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding a sixth sense, as it is a supply in case of the defect of one of the five nature gave us, namely, hearing, by making the voice become visible.

'Have any of any school of painters gotten themselves an immortal name, by drawing a face, or painting a landskip; by laying down on a piece of canvas a representation only of what nature had given them originals? What applauses will he merit, who first made his ideas sit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind! Painting represents the outward man, or the shell; but cannot reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ by which the inhabitant is revealed. This art may reach to represent a face, but cannot paint a voice. Kneller can draw the majesty of the queen's person; Kneller can draw her sublime air, and paint her bestowing hand as fair as the lilly: but the historian must inform posterity, that she has one peculiar excellence above all other mortals, that her ordinary speech is more charming than song.

'But to drop the comparison of this art with any other, let us see the benefit of it in itself. By it the English trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the East or West Indies, without the trouble of a journey. Astronomers seated at a distance of the earth's diameter asunder, may confer; what is spoken and thought at one pole, may be heard and understood at the other. The phi-

* These means, or, this mean.

losopher who wished he had a window in his breast, to lay open his heart to all the world, might as easily have revealed the secrets of it this way, and as easily have left them to the world, as wished it. This silent art of speaking by letters, remedies the inconvenience arising from distance of time, as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preserve their mummies for ten centuries. This preserves the works of the immortal part of men, so as to make the dead still useful to the living. To this we are beholden for the works of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Seneca and Plato: without it the Iliad of Homer, and Æneid of Virgil had died with their authors; but by this art those excellent men still speak to us.

'I shall be glad if what I have said on this art, gives you any new hints for the more useful or agreeable application of it.

I am, Sir, &c.'

I shall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praise of the invention of writing, 'written by a lady.' I am glad of such a quotation, which is not only another instance how much the world is obliged to this art, but also a shining example of what I have heretofore asserted, that the fair sex are as capable as men of the liberal sciences; and indeed there is no very good argument against the frequent instruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verses of the charming author are as follow:

'Blest be the man! his memory at least,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast;
And taught succeeding times an easy way
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey;

To baffle absence, and secure delight,
Which till that time was limited to sight.
The parting farewel spoke, the last adieu,
The less'ning distance past, then loss of view,
The friend was gone which some kind moments gave
And absence separated, like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful patriarch sent,
The camels, jewels, and the steward went,
And wealthy equipage, though grave and slow:
But not a line, that might the lover show.
The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
But had she known of melting words and charms,
That under secret seals in ambush lie
To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye;
The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd.'

N° 173. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.

Nec serò comantem
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi,
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.
VIRG. Georg. iv. 122.

The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
DRYDEN.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But

it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or if you will villas, of the nation. This he described to me in those verses, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

'*Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,*
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero barbaroque lætatur.' EP. lviii. 3.

'Our friend Faustinus' country seat I've seen:
No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green,
No widow'd platane, nor clip'd box-tree, there,
The useless soil unprofitably share;
But simple nature's hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place.'

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of Art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist intirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of, are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The first of these is already known to the English reader, by the excellent ver-

sions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addison. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the most beautiful plan of this sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the reader with a translation of it.

The Garden of Alcinous, from Homer's Odyss. vii.

'Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies:
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mold;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise;
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

'Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dy'd.

'Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.'

'Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.'

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this description contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in those times of simplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince; it was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the nature and usual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from Nature, nct only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyound the reach of the art itself. We run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most aukward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own,

> '*Hinc et nexilibus videas è frondibus hortos,*
> *Implexos latè muros, et mœnia circùm*
> *Porrigere, et latas è ramis surgere turres;*
> *Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra:*
> *In buxisque undare fretum, atque è rore rudentes.*
> *Parte aliâ frondere suis tentoria castris;*
> *Scutaque spiculaque et jaculantia citria vallos.*'

> 'Here interwoven branches form a wall,
> And from the living fence green turrets rise;
> There ships of myrtle sail in seas of box;
> A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
> And loaded citrons bearing shields and spears.'

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of Art, are always most fond of Nature: as such are chiefly sensible, that all Art consists in the imitation and study of Nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of Art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guild-hall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country seat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross Nature, the world stands much in need of a vir-

tuoso gardener who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profession in the imagery of evergreens. My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands in horn-beam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails when he shews his garden, to repeat that passage in the Psalms, 'Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table.' I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

'Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

'The tower of Babel not yet finished.

'St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon by next April.

'A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

'N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

'Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

'A laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

'A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

'A queen Elizabeth in phylyræa, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but of full growth.

'Another queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savine.

'An old maid of honour in wormwood.

'A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

'Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

'A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

'A lavender pig with sage growing in his belly.

'Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

'A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness.

Nº 174. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1713.

Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ,
Salve Dardanii gloria magna soli:
Publica morborum requies commune medentum
Auxilium, præsens numen, inempta salus. CLAUD.

Hail, greatest good Dardanian fields bestow,
At whose command Pæonian waters flow,
Unpurchas'd health! that dost thy aid impart
Both to the patient, and the doctor's art!

In public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where this season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St. Wenefrede's well; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes

herself Eudosia, writes a bitter invective against Chloe the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude ever since she had the small-pox, is very bitter against the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamesters; but I took notice, that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with several other common-place strokes of raillery; I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixt mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth my fancy was diverted to the water, where the distinctions of sex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath

to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes into one person; or to the stream wherein Diana washed herself, when she bestowed horns on Acteon; but by one of a serious turn, these healthful springs may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken up a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business, in this paper, to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore a bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall herein regulate myself by the example of that good man, who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was ever heard to speak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men; but I should forfeit all titles to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognise in him all the great

qualities of a philosopher. If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table, puts me in mind of a council board; and the indefatigable application of the several combatants furnish me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals, who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which at the same time enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice and finesse used upon these occasions; since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these the ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them near that lordly creature man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath I might urge, that the casting of a die is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied, that the gamester ladies have surmounted the little vanities of shewing their beauty,

which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into distortions, and wear away their lilies and roses in tedious watching, and restless lucubrations. I should rather observe that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The Water Poets are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of the season, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to sweeteh some sour critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which, to speak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in some of these gentle compositions; and am persuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are an hundred general topics put into metre every year, viz. 'The lover is inflamed in the water; or, he finds his death where he sought his cure; or, the nymph feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's torment.' These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good effect; and a physician assures me, that laudanum is almost out of doors at Bath.

Thy physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more

distempers than I ever had in my life. They
almost killed me with their humanity. A learn
fellow-lodger prescribed me a little something,
my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and th
next morning I was so much enlivened by another,
as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropsy gratis before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a dose from one of my well-wishers. I paid him, but withal told him severely, that I never took physic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself.

The oppression of civilities which I underwent from the sage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making such inquiries into the nature of these springs, as would have furnished out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the loose hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince should found hospitals, and the noble and rich may diffuse their ample charities. Mr. Tompion gave a clock to the Bath; and I Nestor Ironside have dedicated a Guardian.

Nº 175. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1713.

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 664

Who rais'd by merit an immortal name.

THE noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted still higher, had he had the advantage of Christianity. According to our scheme of thoughts, if the word *Memores* in the front of this paper were changed into *Similes*, it would have very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and transmit a name to posterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly ensnare the person who is moved by it, on some occasions, into a false delicacy for fear of reproach; and at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill consequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or to speak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this self-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taste, than that of the late Mr. Boyle, who founded a lecture for the 'Proof of the Christian religion, against atheists, and other

notorious infidels.' The reward of perpetual mory amongst men, which might possibly ha some share in this sublime charity, was certain considered but in a second degree; and Mr. Boyl had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our stage.

The world has received much good from this institution, and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhaustible subject of the essence, praise, and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occasion. It eminently appears from this observation, that a particular blessing has been bestowed on this lecture. This great philosopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only suitable to our condition, but to his own at the same time. It is a sight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the persons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the same work.

This worthy man studied nature, and traced all her ways to those of her unsearchable author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praise and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courses of philosophical inquiries (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me), I cannot but principally recommend the book, intituled, Phisico-Theology. Printed for William Innys in St. Paul's church-yard.

It is written by Mr. Derham, rector of Upminster, in Essex. I do not know what Upminster is worth; but I am sure, had I the best living in

gland to give, I should not think the addition it sufficient acknowledgment of his merit; especially since I am informed, that the simplicity of his life is agreeable to his useful knowledge and learning.

The praise of this author seems to me to be the great perspicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleasing to people who are strangers to such inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very desirable entertainment to find occasions of pleasure and satisfaction in those objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked; or beheld, without exciting any reflections that made us wiser, or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, shew us the wonders and spectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their several ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to the different paths in which they are to move and provide for themselves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the coverts of the wood, the muddy or clear streams; to howl in forests, or converse in cities. All life from that of a worm to that of a man is explained; and as I may so speak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the observations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without such explications, strike us only with confusion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himself amusement; the very air he breathes suggests abundant matter for his thoughts. He

will consider that he has begun another day of to breathe with all other creatures in the sa mass of air, vapours and clouds, which surrou our globe; and of all the numberless animals tha live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their nostrils, he only stands erect, conscious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philosophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleased as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a sort of reasonable rapture. He will be led from the appendages which attend and surround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itself, the distribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uses of our world. Then will his contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to particulars, to different soils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and stones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode; he informs him of his capacity to make him easy and happy in it by the gift of senses, by their ready organs, by shewing him the structure of those organs, the disposition of the ear for the receipt of sounds, of the nostril for smell, the tongue for taste, the nerves to a harms by our feeling, and the eye by our sight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is the sum of fifteen sermons in proof of the existence of the

-y) with reflections which apply each distinct t of it to an end, for which the author may hope be rewarded with an immortality much more to e desired, than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the sons of men.

THREE LETTERS, BY MR. JOHN HUGHES;

DESIGNED FOR THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'THERE are few men but are capable, at some time or other, of making a right judgment of themselves; therefore having, as I think, caught myself in one of these wise fits, I am resolved to make use of it while it lasts, and lay my case before you. I was bred a mercer. I need not tell you that most of our profession are orators. I have, with some pains, attained to a great volubility of tongue, and am a perfect master in the art of shop rhetoric, which, with the help of a fair wig, a plausible bow, a gentle inclination of the head in proper parts of my discourse, and an easy motion of the hand, sets off all that I utter, and has helped me to thrive in the world very comfortably. By this means, Mr. Ironside, as I owe my prosperity to noise, I am grown an utter enemy to silence, and when I go among my plain honest

neighbours, who are not of any of the talking p fessions, I cannot help assuming a superiority ov them, which, I find, has been a little resented. have often resolved to confine my oratory to th verge of my shop, and to employ it only in setting off my silks and brocades, but long habits are not easily overcome, and the musical sound of my own voice has tempted me, as often, to break that resolution. Many of my acquaintance, I know, would take it kindly if I talked less, and if you would put me in a way to do it, I should be very glad to oblige them. You must know, that I am sometimes chairman of a club, where some of them complain that they have not their share of the discourse, and others (in raillery, I suppose) call me the 'fine speaker.' I have offered to pay double for my club, but that will not satisfy them. Besides, Mr. Guardian, I have heard that you moralists say, it is difficult for a man to talk much without offending against truth, innocence, or good manners; and how do I know, now I am serious, whether this unhappy talent may not, at some time or other, have misled me into falsehood, uncharitableness, or scandal? It is possible that the superfluity of my discourse may have fallen upon the reputation of some honest man, and have done him an irreparable injury. I may, in the torrent of my loquacity, have lessened real merit, or magnified little failings, beyond the allowance of charity, or humanity. I may have raised an unjust jealousy by a flower of speech, practised upon credulity by a smooth sentence, and, in the heat of an argument, I may have called a man knave by a shake of the head and shrug of the shoulders. To be plain, I have searched my heart, and find there is a great deal of vanity at the bottom of it. Therefore, Mr.

ardian, now I am in a proper disposition, if you ll be pleased to give me a lecture on this subject, ıd be so kind as to convince me that I am a coxomb, you will do a very particular service to, Sir,

Your very humble servant.'

' TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

Or, in his absence, to the Keeper of the Lion, at Button's coffee-house, Covent-garden.

' OLD IRONSIDE, *Sept.* 1713.

' IF your lion had not less breeding than a bear, he would not have opened his throat against so genteel a diversion as masquerading, which has ever been looked upon, in all polite countries, as tending to no other end than to promote a better understanding between the sexes. But I shall take another opportunity, Mr. Ironside, to talk with you upon this subject. My present business is with the Lion; and since this savage has behaved himself so rudely, I do by these presents, challenge him to meet me at the next masquerade, and desire you will give orders to Mr. Button to bring him thither, in all his terrors, where, in defence of the innocence of these midnight amusements, I intend to appear against him, in the habit of signior Nicolini, to try the merits of this cause by single combat. I am yours,

INCOGNITO.'

' HONEST NESTOR,

' PR'YTHEE, stop your lion's mouth a little on the chapter of masquerading. I have pursued a dear creature several of these gay nights

through three or four as odd changes as any Ovid's Metamorphoses, and she has promised, a the next, in the habit of a gypsy, to tell me finally my fortune. Be dumb till then, and afterwards say what you please.

Your humble servant,

TIM. FROLIC.'

END OF VOLUME EIGHTEEN.

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